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Bulldozer #7
Spring 84

Introduction

Politics, like any other growing thing, are constantly changing and responding to new situations which begin to affect them. After the arrests of the Vancouver Five, and more definitely, after the raid on Bulldozer last June, our choices were either to grow more determined and committed politically, or to retreat back into safer political activities with apologies to the state for stepping on their toes. Needless to say, this was no real choice for us.

We felt the arrests of the Vancouver Five deeply. (For anyone not familiar with their case, they were arrested in Vancouver in January, '83 for a series of bombings in British Columbia and Toronto.) Ann Hansen was one of the original members of the Bulldozer collective. Brent Taylor was instrumental in getting some of us involved in prison work. As the case against them developed we experienced growing outrage at the actions of the mass media and the state. It was clear that the Police and Crown wanted them put away for a very long period of time.

The raid on Bulldozer last June was only one in a series of incidents of harassment that have occurred since the bombing of the Litton plant in October of '82. A group calling themselves Direct Action claimed the action and said it was done because of the plant's role in the building of the guidance system for the Cruise Missile. A total of eighteen charges, none connected to the bombing, have been laid against people doing support work for the Five or other people closely associated with them. The only serious incident to have taken place since the last Bulldozer was a charge of "threaten assault against an internationally protected person" and three counts of assaulting police during a police created incident during a visit last September by British Prime Minister, Margaret Thatcher. It was a complete set up job.

Needless to say, our lives and work have been disrupted. Support work for the Five has been reduced to a bare minimum as we have turned our energies towards our own situations. In January, for instance, there were four trials or hearings involving people from the community with which Bulldozer is associated. We have all learned to live with the fact that the state seems quite interested in our lives and we have learned to adjust our activities accordingly. We have become amongst the most law abiding people in the country.

We still have not had the material seized from us during the raid returned. We are now preparing a suit in the provincial Supreme Court in conjunction with some of the peace groups who were also raided to force the return of the mailing list, files, magazines, etc. Additionally, we are also going into the Court of Appeals to gain access to the packet of information that the police had to give to a judge in order to obtain a warrant authorizing the raid. This infor-

mation is usually a public document available to anyone and it is highly unusual for this information to be sealed.

This refusal to release the information sets a dangerous precedent if it is allowed to stand. It would mean that any group, any individual, any magazine, could be raided without the police having to be accountable for their actions in court. Attempting to get this information will probably take two years and cost thousands since it will probably end up in the Supreme Court of Canada. We appreciate the irony of having to mount an expensive civil liberties campaign when we don't have much faith in such "guarantees of basic freedoms." But we are not the ones calling the tune. The charge of procuring an abortion laid against Colleen Crosbie as a result of the raid has been stayed until the issue of "proper" justification for the raid has been settled.

It is obvious that the Toronto police and whatever political forces are acting in conjunction with them are trying to drain us financially and emotionally. This is a time honoured, bullshit tactic of the state and one which has been used against the Gay paper **Body Politic** and the Gay community in general amongst others. Fortunately, we are not so easily defeated.

The events of the past year, while convulsing us, has had very little impact on the rest of the left, let alone the average Canadian. In our attempts to raise the issues that came out around the raid we often faced indifference if not outright hostility. Prisoners, guerrilla bombings and abortions allegedly done at home are not popular issues here. And the Canadian left simply does not have the experience to understand that what has been happening here is not some peculiar aberration in the usual left world of meetings and magazines. Rather, English Canada is simply beginning to experience some of the political turmoil that is affecting the rest of the world. Not to be overly pessimistic, we have received alot of solid and consistent support from a wide political spectrum.

The state is already preparing for this upcoming period of intensified struggle as seen by the introduction of legislation covering the political police. One of the main thrusts of the bill is to take the responsibility for National Security away from the paramilitary mounted police and give it to a newly created "civilian force", the Canadian Security and Intelligence Service (CSIS). The first bill introduced into Parliament by Solicitor-General Kaplan was greeted with sustained criticism by many Canadians; provincial Justice Ministers, civil libertarians, (some uncivil libertarians for that matter), social democrats and others. The second version of the Bill intro-



Sister in Cell #00

I passed by your cell today
I saw that you weren't allowed to speak
You're very dangerous they say
and must be kept locked.

Locked for two and a half years!
Oh, that seems so bleak!
I wonder if what they say is really true?

I watched as they opened your door
And I heard them say;
You must conform to the Ways
We expect you too
Conform or be locked forever more.

I passed by your cell today
My heart heavy with grief
There was so much I wanted to say
To offer you friendship
And a bit of relief.

I wondered many times over as I watched
How could they possibly do this to
A member of the human Race?
And yet feel so justified for their wrong.

But they are only "puppets" to a heartless government
Who drains from them their every compassion
And fills their boggled minds with such propaganda
And Confidential Lies!

The very pith of our flesh and bones pay their salary
Their thirst is quenched with our blood and salty tears
Theirs is a conscience without morality
A loss of identity and empty shells existing only
in Human form.

I passed by your cell today
I saw you smile
And this is what you had to say...

"Be strong my Sister,
The struggle is hard.
Everyday of our life is a trial
To be a woman, poor and Third World.
We are prosecuted, persecuted and
Discriminated against
for our every effort.

"Life is a challenge from our first
Breathe of life to our last
And it isn't easy in between.
The world over people struggle and suffer
To win their fight for Freedom.

"Many never make it to Victory
They weaken and give up the fight
To find a much easier solution
Such as dangling from the end of
A systematic string.

"They are" never happy people
We can only pity them
For they have become weak and greedy
With high hopes of being that one
In full power and control.

"I, Sister in cell #00
Have felt their hate welt across my flesh
As they speak of my violent and
Aggressive behavior as reason to keep me
Locked away.

"It is they who are afraid
Of themselves
It is they who are prisoners
To their own distrust and fears.



"But I, Sister in cell #00
Remain free in heart, mind and
In spirit.
That is the very thing that no
Man can take away
Unless we ourselves give it away
Foolishly.

"The struggle must continue
For we the
Women are the Backbones of every
Nation
And must stand up, be heard and accounted for!"

I passed by your cell today
I smiled to myself
As I thought of what you had to say
I feel much stronger and freer now!.

Thank You my Sister in cell #00
For your beautiful gift of strength
And encouragement "**my Flight for Freedom.**"

Angie Tsetum Whiterock



Help A Friend

Ches-ne-o-na-eh has been one of Bulldozer's strongest contributors and supporters since our first contact with him. He has produced many excellent graphics for our use, including the one on page three of this issue. Ches has helped to introduce other struggles; Central America, ecological issues, Peace, etc. We have grown a lot with this warrior.

Ches, also known by his white name, Claude Wilkerson, has done the impossible and walked off Death Row in Texas. He was there when Charles Brooke was taken away to become the first person to die from a lethal injection. Ches-ne-o-na-eh will return to the humane arms of the State of Texas and

face a similar fate if he does not win his appeal on the original murder rap. His lawyer is demanding \$15,000 immediately in order to continue handling the case.

We know the financial problems that beset prisoners in their legal work. Money is tight all over. It is increasingly difficult to just keep food on the table and a roof over one's head. But we hope that you will consider this personal appeal to help our good friend and comrade.

More information on Ches' case is available on the following pages. His mailing address is at the bottom of the article from his support group.

Help Us

Bulldozer has no set subscription rate. It is always free to prisoners. We hope to be a little faster with the next issue. But much of our time on Bulldozer is spent answering correspondence and maintaining contact. If you've written to us over the past couple of months and have not received a response, please accept this as a partial response. We've got a mountain of mail to go through now that production is at an end. We are always in need of good graphics. They should be in black and white for best

reproduction. If you have an article to submit for the next issue please send it in as soon as possible. The sooner we receive the articles, the sooner we can begin this long process.

Bulldozer
POB 5052, Stn. A
Toronto, Ontario
Canada M5W 1W4

Ches-ne-o-na-eh Appeal

Greetings from the Ches-ne-o-na-eh Defense Fund Project:

We are a small group of people who support Claude Wilkerson, known by his traditional Indian name of Ches-ne-o-na-eh for the last five years and nine months which he has spent on death row in the Texas Department of Corrections. This is an information sheet only, which we hope can provide you with information about this struggle, and to gain your support for building a Defense Fund Project.

A brief introduction to Claude Wilkerson: Claude was arrested in January, 1978, by the Houston, TX, Police Department. He was arrested on allegations that he was in some way connected to a robbery-murder in the Houston area, in which three people were killed. He was illegally being held by the Police Department and District Attorney's Special Crime people on false accusations which lead to indictments in February. It is an undisputed fact that when these murders occurred, Claude was already in police custody.

jury selection, the District Attorney resigned from office and the Chief of Special Crimes (who made his presence a daily affair during Claude's trial) was promoted to the DA's office by the Governor. The prosecuting attorney was promoted to Chief of Special Crimes. In October, Claude received the death penalty, finally being sentenced on December 10, 1979.

For two years, Claude did not have the benefit of representation upon appeals and portions of his trial transcript disappeared, along with other evidence during the investigation of the case. So lost material, ineffective counsel and/or no representation at all have been Claude's plight. During the spring of 1982, an attorney happened to be in the district court in which Claude was tried. The judge asked the attorney if he would accept Claude's case, which he did. This attorney located what was left of the trial transcripts and filed a brief with the Texas Criminal Court of Appeals in Austin in July, 1982. In September, 1982, he went up for Oral arguments. On May 18, 1983, the Court of Appeals reversed Claude's case. A very important and sig-



From the time of Claude's arrest on January 25, 1978, a year elapsed before he came to trial. The first trial was held from February to April of 1979 and ended in a hung jury. From April, three months went by before Claude's co-counsel ever got into court for a bail hearing. The judge granted bail in the amount of \$250,000 per case, which would have been a total bail of \$750,000 — an excessive amount designed to prevent Claude from posting bail.

Before anything could be accomplished along the lines of retaining other counsel or a bail reduction hearing, his attorney and the prosecuting attorney vacationed together at the Colorado ski lodge of Claude's trial attorney. Unbeknownst to Claude, his family or friends, the attorney and prosecutor heard of the actions being taken by Claude in his own defense and they immediately flew back to Houston to prepare for trial. Claude had filed a letter with the trial judge seeking more time in which to retain other counsel, but the trial went on without this request even being considered. The second trial went from July to October of 1979. During the

nificant victory in this long battle but the struggle is far from over.

The state filed one motion with the Appeals Court seeking review, but this motion was denied. Again, they have filed a motion for re-hearing with the court but this has yet to be ruled on. The State has declared that they will seek a review on Writ to the Supreme Court.

July 7 - 22 1983, Claude was transferred from his death row cell on the Ellis Unit back to Houston. He did not know why he was there. His attorney learned that the judge dismissed him from any other representation of Claude in any future trials or litigation and appointed two new attorneys to take up the case. This was over the objection of Claude's present counsel, who did not even have the benefit of knowing any proceedings were being held.

We are seeking your help and any assistance with building this Defense Fund for Claude. We strongly believe the State has it in their minds to

do anything, including assassinating Claude. He has been threatened by officials and ass-licking inmates for his prisoner-rights support, his writing on behalf of other prisoners, his art work, his support of law suits against prison conditions, his environmental work and his peace work.

We need to retain his present counsel for future legal work. We hope that you will use the information provided to expand printed support in publications, fliers, or anything else that might benefit us all in the support of Claude. Later a petition will be released for other areas of support.

Claude is a member of, or affiliated with the following: **Bulldozer**, Survival Network News, New Orleans, LA, co-founder of the Southern Buffalo Spirit Indian Prison Group, ordained Revelation

Minister in the Church of the New Song, member of the American Indian Alliance, member of the Wi-A-Co-Mah United Indian Tribe.

Funds and letters can be sent to these addresses. More information is also available:

Claude Wilkerson Defense Fund
C/O Lorraine DeVore
POB 842
Grand Junction, CO 81502

Call 303-242-0581

Thank you for your support,
In Spirit,
Free Ches-Ne-O-Na-Eh
Claude Wilkerson Defense Fund



Walk in Balance

There is a time for all things. Time has permitted me freedom; freedom from the bars and concertina wire fences of Greed's Ironhouse; freedom to once again walk upon our Mother Earth; freedom to see a night sky with all the beauty of the stars and Grand Mother Moon smiling; freedom to hold a child, smell their fresh breath and hear their laughter; freedom to be with family and reflect upon times past and present; freedom to sit with friends and generally be me.

All this is good, but nevertheless I'm still fighting my battles as everyone does in life. I sensed a *deja vu* on walking out of prison after doing five years and nine months in isolation cells for the whole time. I lost all time perspective. The only real way I could tell I had spent all that time in prison was to look into faces and see how they had aged over the years. I am still me.

From the day I left my death row cell at Ellis until I was released December 19, 1983, there were three executions across the nation. The propensity of a Supreme Court ruling yesterday will have a strong effect upon death row prisoners in Texas. Yet, all the planned State executions will never affect me the same as prison violence has. The murder of friends in Marion and other prisons, the beating of prisoners by guards, the treatment I've witnessed will always remain the same until we do something to make change.

In Marion many of my Brothers are housed like animals and face the same insane attitudes of continued State oppression. Marion is a Federal Penitentiary that is a horror house like Ellis or any other Maximum prison that exists. The trouble with these places is that someday they will no longer be our problem but rather we'll just give them back to the folks who built them. They have no real reason for being here. I know everything is not copesetic in prisons. The macabre fact about Marion is that it exists at all.

Any human being can feel what is happening. The clouds gather and precipitate the thunder, just as the buffalo bring about their thunder. I have not forgotten my Brother Standing Deer or Gwarthee-lass or all the others locked up. I know that many people upon leaving prison only wish to forget that stinking place. But something in me refuses to do this. I have sought out balance and forgetting is often the worst of all crimes to humanity.

Until then, walk in Balance, don't let the beast eat your heart out. Understand your sisters and brothers. Try to be the best person you can. There are people out here who have supported us in the past. They will in the future, just as I will.

In Spirit
Ches-ne-o-na-eh

Marion Death Fast

Greetings to all of our brothers and sisters who struggle for the sake of our unborn generations. We pray that you and all your relations are well and strong and enjoying all the blessings our Mother has to offer. I am a prisoner of the united states presently being held captive in Greed's Ironhouse at Marion, Illinois.

On October 22, 1983 there was some trouble in this prison, in a part of the prison I do not even have access to. I only know there was trouble because I heard about it on the radio. Since October, life in Marion has become no life at all as the warden takes revenge against all the prisoners. We are being brutalized and beaten by sadistic guards who continue to punish the innocent for the deaths of two of their brother guards. All programs have been discontinued permanently. I will never be allowed to work again. I cannot get medical attention for a very painful degenerative disc disease. I cannot seek redress for grievances through the courts because there is no longer a law library. There is no educational program.

If I write a letter I must do it on the floor because I do not have any furniture other than a bed in my cage. They say we are too dangerous to have a chair or table. If I want to shave I must do so without a mirror because mirrors are illegal. If I wish to place my comb or toothpaste somewhere I must put them on the floor because I'm too dangerous to have a shelf in my cage. If I want to put my shirt and trousers somewhere it must be on the floor because I am too dangerous to have a clothes peg on my wall. If I want to stir my coffee I must do it with my finger because I may not have a 3" plastic spoon. If I attempt to write a letter to my lawyer or a Congressman or Senator complaining about these conditions, the guards will come into my cage and steal my unmailed letter. That's why I am writing to you in the dead of night. I am limited to possessing three paperback books, three newspapers and two magazines. If I have four newspapers delivered by the mailman because Marion does not have mail delivery on Saturdays, Sundays or holidays, the men with clubs will invade my cage and steal my unread newspapers.

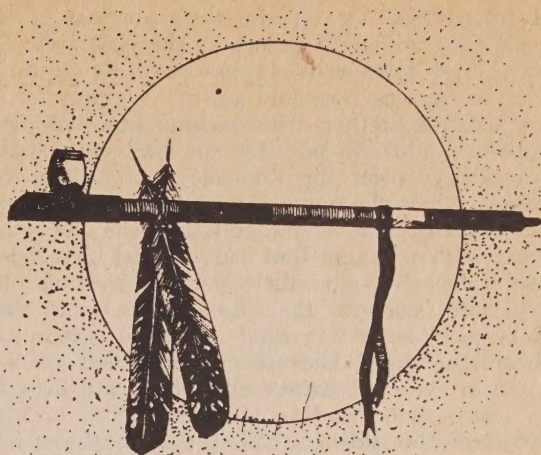


At the conclusion of every meal men with clubs will come to my cage door and demand the empty paper individual salt and pepper containers, butter containers, 4.5 gram sugar packet (paper), plastic fork & spoon, empty milk carton and even the plastic wrap that comes on the microwave food tray insert. Woe be to you if you don't have any single item. Sometimes the guards will leave a sugar packet off your tray, or fail to give you pepper or one of the other items. Then the men with clubs will strip off your clothes, gaze at your privates, make you bend over and spread apart your cheeks so they can look in your rectum, then they make you stick your hands through the bars backwards while they handcuff your hands behind your back. Then they open your door while one of the guards drags you off your feet by pulling your handcuffs up while walking you away from your cage. The other guards walk on your bedsheets, steal and destroy your property and call your mother a whore. If you are lucky and make no sound they may put you back in your cage without beating you with clubs.

I am not so fortunate. On three occasions; Oct. 31, Nov. 1 and Nov. 6, 1983 I was beaten with clubs because I am unable to bend from the waist to spread my cheeks. There are notes in my prison medical file signed by the Chief Medical Officer attesting to my inability to bend from the waist, but the sadistic guards do not care.

I must eat all three of my meals in my cage. I am locked in a 6'x9' cage 23 hours-a-day. I must eat where I shit. I don't mean to sound gross, but there is no other way to say it without being dishonest. I am forced to eat where I shit. I am given three teaspoons of cleanser a week. I am only allowed the cleaning brush for the commode once a week on Saturday night. I keep it as clean as I can, but how clean can you keep a toilet with 3 teaspoons of cleanser and a brush once a week? The odor of raw sewage permeates the cell 24 hours-a-day. When my food tray comes I try not to think about the open toilet and the acrid stench. I turn my back to it, but still it assails my consciousness and brings tears to my eyes until I retch and retch and pray that this nightmare will someday end.

All these things I could probably learn to live with because I realize that Marion is America's # 1 gulag for political prisoners, and I know that my brothers, friends, and comrades in here are suffering the same indignities. But there is one outrage that I can no longer tolerate. I will no longer allow the United States to continue to deny me the right to practice my religion. For 491 years the religion of my people have been trampled on and disrespected by the sea pirates and many of their descendants who invaded my land so long ago. For those of us who today wish to follow the religion and teachings of our grandfathers the road is rocky and the struggle is hard even under conditions in the



so-called "free world" but for American Indians in Marion Federal Prison we have been cast into a spiritual wastebasket where every aspect of our religion is denied.

When men brutalize, degrade and dehumanize other men there is a point at which injustice becomes intolerable, and I have reached that point. I will no longer co-operate as the United States steals my life little by little, day by day, and makes the quality of my existence not worth perpetuating. Since my captors have taken away even the religion of my grandfathers then I shall make them choose between killing me by starvation, or obeying their own laws which have been written into their constitution which say that all men and women have a right to practice their religion.

It is with these thoughts in mind that I have come to a decision this day to go on a death fast just as soon as the United States Bureau of Prisons can be enjoined in their courts from force feeding me. Two of my brothers are joining me. Leonard Peltier #89637-132 an American Indian, and Albert Garza #49602-146 a Jewish brother. Albert bases his death fast on Talmudic law. The guards who were stabbed to death in the Control Unit were both Klansmen who were tormenting Tom Silverstein & Clayton Fountain who are both Jews. Albert Garza is the head of the Marion Jewish society here, and because he is a Jew the guards have subjected him to vile and incredible reprisals even though he was in general population (which is light years from the Control Unit) when the guards were killed.

Leonard and me enter into this fast not out of despair or depression but with a joyful commitment of total love and dedication for our people. We must have our pipe, drum, sweat lodge and access to our outside spiritual people. We will fast until we are either granted our constitutional right to practice our religion or until we return to our Creator. If the United States does not wish us to die they have but to obey their own laws. If we do die the United States' total disregard for human rights will be our murderers.

We will be fasting and praying for all the peoples of this world, for all the little animals of the woods, for the gilled peoples of the waters, for the winged creatures of the air and for all living things such as flowers, trees and grasses. We pray for all our sisters & brothers who are imprisoned throughout the world. We pray for our brothers & sisters who daily suffer the knowledge of hunger not because they choose to fast as I have done, and Leonard has done, and Albert has done, but rather because they cannot find even a crust of bread to feed themselves and their starving children. We especially pray for the little ones who in their innocence have inherited a world intent on destroying itself because of the greed of tiny minority who believe it's all right to kill in order to protect their privilege. We pray that we will not entertain thoughts of hatred against those who destroy us because of their stupidity, but rather I pray that my motives may remain steadfast out of love for our Mother.

In the Spirit of Crazy Horse,
Standing Deer
a.k.a. Robert Hugh Wilson #01499-164
Marion Federal Prison
P.O. Box 1000
Marion, Illinois 62959



What Price Repression

On October 22, 1983, two guards at the federal prison in Marion, Illinois were stabbed to death, and two more were seriously wounded in separate incidents in the legendary, infamous Control Unit. The Control Unit is reputed to be the toughest, most secure maximum-security unit in the world.

Five days later, a prisoner was found dead in his cell by guards. He had been murdered.

The same evening, the warden's Executive Assistant, Dean Leech, led a contingent of special guards who had been imported from Leavenworth in an attack against 30 prisoners as they were trying to go to the prison dining room to eat. On October 27, 1983, Marion was placed on total deadlock status and remains so at this writing. All personal property has been confiscated. Medical and Dental services have been reduced to the issuing of aspirin and drugstore items. No programs of any kind are in operation at the prison. Prisoners have been beaten indiscriminately by a 50-man Goon Squad imported from federal prisons across the country. Prisoners are being fed microwave trays and sack lunches in their cells. The guards are taking revenge against 380 prisoners for their dead and wounded. For the prisoners unfortunate enough to be here, Marion has turned into a horrible nightmare. But why is all this being done when prisonrats predicted two years ago that more murders could be expected at Marion? There is fully documented proof that the leadership of the Federal

Prison System fully expected assorted violence and murders to take place. We offer an analysis of one of their own documents to verify this:

"The leadership of the Federal Prison System at Marion, at the Regional level, and in the Central Office will never accept violence and intimidation as a norm for Marion, or any other facility. However, there must be a realistic acknowledgement that the type of inmates now confined there can, through a variety of ingenious methods, still perpetuate assaults, attempted escapes, and otherwise disrupt institutional operation under even the most monitored circumstances. These problems can be anticipated as a result of the decision to concentrate this population at one facility; Marion will not be violence free, simply because of the type of inmate housed there. In fact, unless properly managed, on a day to day basis Marion contends with a population which presents the potential for the most serious prison disturbances in our System's history."

Thus reads a **Program and Procedure Review** of the United States Penitentiary, Marion, Illinois conducted by the North Central Regional office of the United States Bureau of Prisons, November, 2-5, 1981. The review team consisted of Regional Director, George Ralston, Assistant Director Ingram, and nine administrators from the North Central Region. Despite the above disclaimer it has become clear in light of recent events that the leadership of the federal prison system was and is will-

ing to accept violence and even murders so long as those acts are precipitated by prisoner against prisoner, or staff against prisoner. From the same **Program and Procedure Review** we find the following:

"Even though Marion may compile a continuing list of problems such as escape attempts and assaults, or even murders, in the future, the Executive Staff must consider those events in the context of the intensely difficult population there. Balanced against those difficulties will be the benefit of a reduction in the number of problems in every other facility as a result of this concentration of management problems at Marion."

If the Regional Director expected murders to result as a logical extension of his policies at Marion, why did Director Norman Carlson, five wardens, and the top brass from all regions meet with Warden Miller in an emergency session on October 31, 1983?

Why the panic when they had already predicted more murders? Was this not the fulfillment of the careful study made in November of 1981? Since these murders were fully expected why was a fifty man contingent of the most sadistic guards in the Federal System flown into Marion to terrorize and brutalize the entire population? Why were these goons armed with clubs and allowed to roam the prison arbitrarily beating prisoners at their whim? Why was all personal property confiscated and much of it stolen from the prisoners?

Why was the entire population held incommunicado in violation of the Geneva Convention and international law? Why have all cells been stripped of shelves, writing tables, chairs, storage lockers, medicine cabinets and mirrors? Why must the prisoners visit their loved ones from within a glass partitioned cage and talk over a telephone as though they were 3,000 miles away? Why have the televisions been removed, and books and magazines limited to only two in number? Why do the prisoners continue to be harassed in ways too numerous to count, by being denied possession of a 3 inch plastic spoon, by being forced to turn in empty sugar packets from a four gram serving, empty tiny salt and pepper containers, sandwich baggies and paper sacks, empty milk cartons, etc. after every meal, all this under threat of beatings?

Why are prisoners allowed to possess only 12 photographs of their loved ones and only 12 letters? I'll tell you why: because the Executive Staff did not consider the murders of Clutts and Hoffman, and the stabbings of the other two guards in the context of the "intensely difficult population" they had put in Marion. They did not take their own advice and balance those difficulties and appreciate the benefit derived from the murders of Clutts and Hoffman in reducing the number of problems in every other facility.

The reasonable sounding words written into the **Program and Procedure Review** could only have remained reasonable if the dead men had been prisoners. Again, a quote from the **Review**:

"We have approved a number of internal security projects in both the Control Unit and general population areas, which will enhance staff and inmate safety...In order to further reduce and control violence, additional high security procedures and technology may be required. The evidence of that is already clear in the Control Unit. There maximum available resources have been circumscribed by court orders, and have been insufficient to prevent a variety of assaults and three murders in the last three years."

See how easy it is to talk about three dead prisoners? They did not fly wardens and directors down here when the prisoner deaths occurred.

The wives and families of Mr. Clutts and Mr. Hoffman will not be appeased by the fact that the loss of their loved ones will make it possible for some faceless warden somewhere in another prison to run his prison more smoothly. As a matter of fact, the Bureau of Prisons would not even consider telling the families of the dead guards that this **Program and Procedure Review** even exists because it would show them that their murders



were coldly calculated as a statistical probability on a planning board at the Federal Bureau of Prisons. The designers of policy realized that the odds were greater that the murder victims would be prisoners, but they also knew as a matter of common logic that when they made a decision to implement the most repressive policies ever attempted since the days of Alcatraz, their guards were likely possible victims of mayhem and murder.

The killings are said to have taken place in the Control Unit. The prisoners in general population knew the killings occurred only because they heard about it on the radio news. If a prisoner is in general population he cannot go to the Control Unit for any reason. In fact, there are three locked, barred gates preventing a prisoner from even going near the Control Unit. The difference between general population and the Control Unit is the difference between being on the earth and being on the moon. One cannot get there from here. So why are the guards taking revenge against the entire population of Marion? Because the warden is successfully shifting the blame for his incompetence in losing his guards by making scapegoats of the entire prison population. Kenneth L. Stewart, the Associate Warden who was in charge of security at the Control Unit has been replaced by Dave Biles. Everyone is guilty except Warden Harold G. Miller and the talent that wrote the document **Program and Procedure Review**.

The final irony concerns the conclusion reached by Marion administrators and published in the **...Review**:

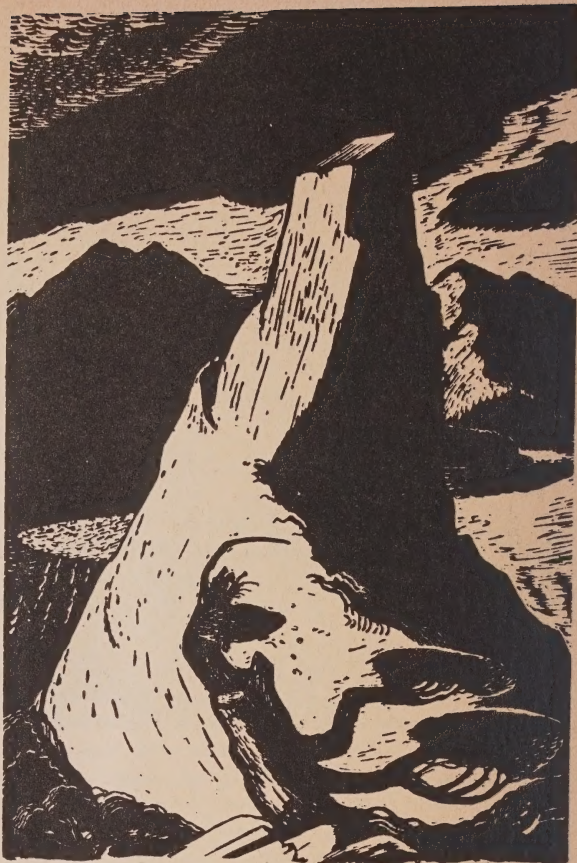
"...despite a concentration of highly-sophisticated, violent, extremely disruptive inmates, Marion is operating in a much more secure and effective fashion than it was prior to the implementation of these procedures, inmates and staff are safer as a result of these procedures."

These are the "experts" speaking. It makes one wonder if titles do an expert make. Tragically, the warden, with his militaristic, disciplinarian mind-

Urgent

On February 15 a Seatlodge Ceremony was held in Kent prison. Before the Ceremony Stewart Stonechild, who fasted last spring for the Sacred Ceremonies, was kidnapped to the Regional Reception Centre in Quebec. It is presently being decided whether he will go to Laval or Archambault.

The govt. had stated that they wanted to put Stewart and Willie Blake into a prison with the lowest Native profile. Laval has only 6 Natives in the whole prison and most speak french as their second language. This move is obviously to silence the voice that speaks out for Native rights. It is also a reality that in Quebec the prison population does not like english-speaking prisoners and their lives are often threatened. This is not true of all prisoners but it is a reality that it is a lot easier to be set-up when you can not understand a word being spoken



set has refused to learn the lesson from the deaths of these two officers that brutality and repression create a lust for revenge; violence breeds violence. And society will one day have to pay for what he and their prison "experts" continue to do to captive human beings in their name.

Standing Deer
aka Robert H Wilson
Box 1000
Marion, Il.

At this point in time, we do not know for sure the status of the deathfast. For more information write to Leonard Peltier Support Group at 2524 16th St S., Seattle, WA 98144.

around you.

Please write letters expressing concern for Stewart's safety. Demand that he be placed in a prison which has a Native Brotherhood so that he may share his cultural beliefs and pray with others in the way that the Creator gave to the Red Nations. State that you believe that it is inhumane to ship a person thousands of miles from their family and friends to a place where they know no one and can not communicate with other prisoners or the guards.

Write to: Donald Yeomans, Commisionare of Pennitentiaries, 340 Laurier Avenue West, Ottawa, Ontario — copies to: Society Of The People Struggling To Be Free (S.O.T.P.S.T.B.F.) POB 69092, Station K, Vancouver, B.C.

Prison is No Excuse

Was sorry to hear that you people are being subjected to police harassment but it just proves that you must be doing something right if you got the pigs pissed off.

There were several issues raised in #6 that I'd like to give my opinion (for what it's worth). First on the so-called anarchists and leftists, who rushed to condemn the guerrilla tactics of Direct Action and the Wimmins' Fire Brigade, I have but two words to state my opinion of anyone who doesn't support anti-authoritarian actions but defends the system they are supposed to be opposing, "Fuck Them!" The very action of the government against the Vancouver 5 and against you there at **Bulldozer**, is in itself grounds to condone any attack against such a system.

The problem faced by the sisters at the Arizona concentration camp is one that sooner or later arises in every joint. The baby raper/killer is the lowest of low scum, there is no way you can politically defend such a heinous act. And it's a proven fact that when one of these maggots are allowed in population they immediately become snitches and stooges for the pigs in return for some (mostly imaginary) protection. The pigs will defend these ass-holes though, because they can use their sick, perverted crimes as an example to categorize all convicts as sub-human.

The poem "When I Get Out" raised mixed emotions in me. The thought of a system so cruel and brutal to do that to someone angers me beyond words. But I would rather see someone like the author of that poem come out of prison, than some poor, beaten, sniveling system flunkie. If the system is determined to maintain their useless prisons, then let a whole hell of a lot of them learn the full meaning of the words, "Payback is a mother-fuckin' motherfucker, motherfucker".

The article "Rape is Still Rape" deals with a definite prison problem. I've been a revolutionary for 14 years, over 9 of them in prisons. I've seen acts by prisoners against prisoners that were as inhuman as any the system has been able to devise. A few years back, I knew this young kid about 18 or 19 who came to prison with a small 3 year sentence. The kid enjoyed life and had an inquisitive mind until one day he made the mistake of getting caught in the wrong place at the wrong time. He was subjected to multiple gang-rape and the results were he turned into a vegetable. I saw him leave prison and return still a vegetable. As far as I know he has never read another book, asked another intelligent question, expressed another idea. He yo-yo's back and forth from the streets to

prison, performing perverted sex acts for dope while he's confined. The old "left" excuse of blaming the system for shit-head prison rapists is bull. The system in a lot of ways has led these people to the point where they don't care what they do. But the point remains, a rapist is a sick, perverted, son-of-a-bitch, white or black, in prison or out.

I personally feel that prisoners with true revolutionary spirit would condemn any prison rapist and if possible take care of them with a little old fashion prison payback. Any time racial overtones are involved in a prison rape it's down the pig's alley. As long as we are divided, they are happy. The black-on-white rapes mentioned have done as much to promote neo-nazi activities in prison as anything. I'd like to suggest that black prison revolutionaries take an active part in combating this problem. Most integrated rapes in prison, black-on-white, white-on-black, are done with the secure knowledge that if the victim's friends try to retaliate it will be treated as a racial issue and not as a sexist rape. If the rapist suddenly found himself in danger of retaliation from his own race, he might give more thought to his actions.

These are just a few comments on an exceptionally well done issue. The very fact that people like you exist on the street make the cell a little less oppressive. The sad fact is the prisons are not hot beds of revolution, if only they were, I'd be happy. The education and rehabilitation of prisoners doesn't deal with the sick shit the system runs down but only with making prisoners aware that they are strictly pawns in a multi-billion dollar industry. As long as 90 per cent of the people released think they have "earned" their freedom from a benevolent society, prisons will continue to thrive.

In June of 1982, the state of Tennessee passed a new sentencing law. Everyone was excited. It cut down on parole eligibility time but it also did away with good time. In other words, on a ten year sentence you are now eligible for parole in three years instead of four and a half. But now if you don't make parole you are under the state's jurisdiction the entire 10 years instead of six-and-a-half as before. For anyone who has been through the royal fucking called parole this is a nightmare. And such laws are being passed all over North America with one specific purpose, to keep the prisons full.

James W. Parker #71108
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TN state prison
Nashville, TN 37203

Capitol Attack

November 7, 1983

Tonight we bombed the U.S. Capitol building. We attacked the U.S. government to retaliate against imperialist aggression that has sent the marines, the CIA, and the army to invade sovereign nations, to trample and lay waste the lives and rights of the peoples of Grenada, Lebanon, El Salvador and Nicaragua, to carry out imperialism's need to dominate, oppress, and exploit. Every act of the U.S. military — directed by the White House and Congress — has been nothing less than an outright attack on the fundamental right of nations to self-determination, peace and freedom.

These acts have been carried out with cynical disregard for life as well as for truth. Reagan calls progress and revolution "terrorism", and tries to portray the true terrorism of imperialist invasion as "democracy" and "freedom". Only a government arrogant enough to believe that its economic and political needs should dominate the whole world can call the invasion of Grenada a "rescue operation", the invasion of Lebanon a peace-keeping mission," the fascist rulers of El Salvador "democracy's friends" and the contras "freedom fighters."

The Reagan lie that the invasion of Grenada prevented a "Cuban takeover" is nothing less than a pretext for eliminating a Black socialist nation in the Caribbean. Last year, in a dress rehearsal called "Ocean Venture", the U.S. armed forces practiced the Grenadian invasion on the island of Vieques, Puerto Rico. The vicious attack on the socialist nation of Cuba — which has provided a consistent, revolutionary example of proletarian internationalism — and the attempt to discredit and destroy the People's Revolutionary Army and the New Jewel Movement of the Grenadian people, show the extent to which the U.S. will go in order to control and dominate Latin America, Central America, and the Caribbean, and to try to defeat socialism in the region. With the collusion of the press, the U.S. government is building anti-communism to justify these attacks and further military aggression to resolve its own internal economic and political problems.

We are acting in solidarity with all those leading the fight against U.S. imperialism — the peoples of Grenada, Lebanon, Palestine, El Salvador and Nicaragua — who are confronting direct U.S. aggression, and those, like the people of Chile and the Philippines, who are struggling to free their nations from U.S. puppet regimes. They are all paying a tremendous price for freedom, and we commit ourselves to fight with the same seriousness for the same goals — self-determination for oppressed nations, the total defeat of imperialism, and the building of a socialist world.

Our action also carries a message to the anti-imperialist movement here, that we need to resist and to fight as people all over the world are doing — with principle, consistency and determination. We join with all the people across the U.S., and the millions around the world, who condemn U.S. imperialist aggression. Our solidarity with the liberation struggles under attack by U.S. imperialism must be uncompromising, militant, and unwavering in supporting the right of nations to self-determination.

We cannot fall into the trap of debating which wing of the government has the right to declare war, or which politician might be less blatant in his racism and anti-communism, nor can we be fooled by those bourgeois politicians who claim to be sympathetic to Third World nations — and who would more 'humanely' exploit those nations in the interest of U.S. imperialism. The enemy is the imperialist system. Electoral politics and pacifism are paths that have been tried many times, and that have failed. To follow those paths now will only weaken and undermine the movement and defeat our attempts to organize greater numbers of people to resist.

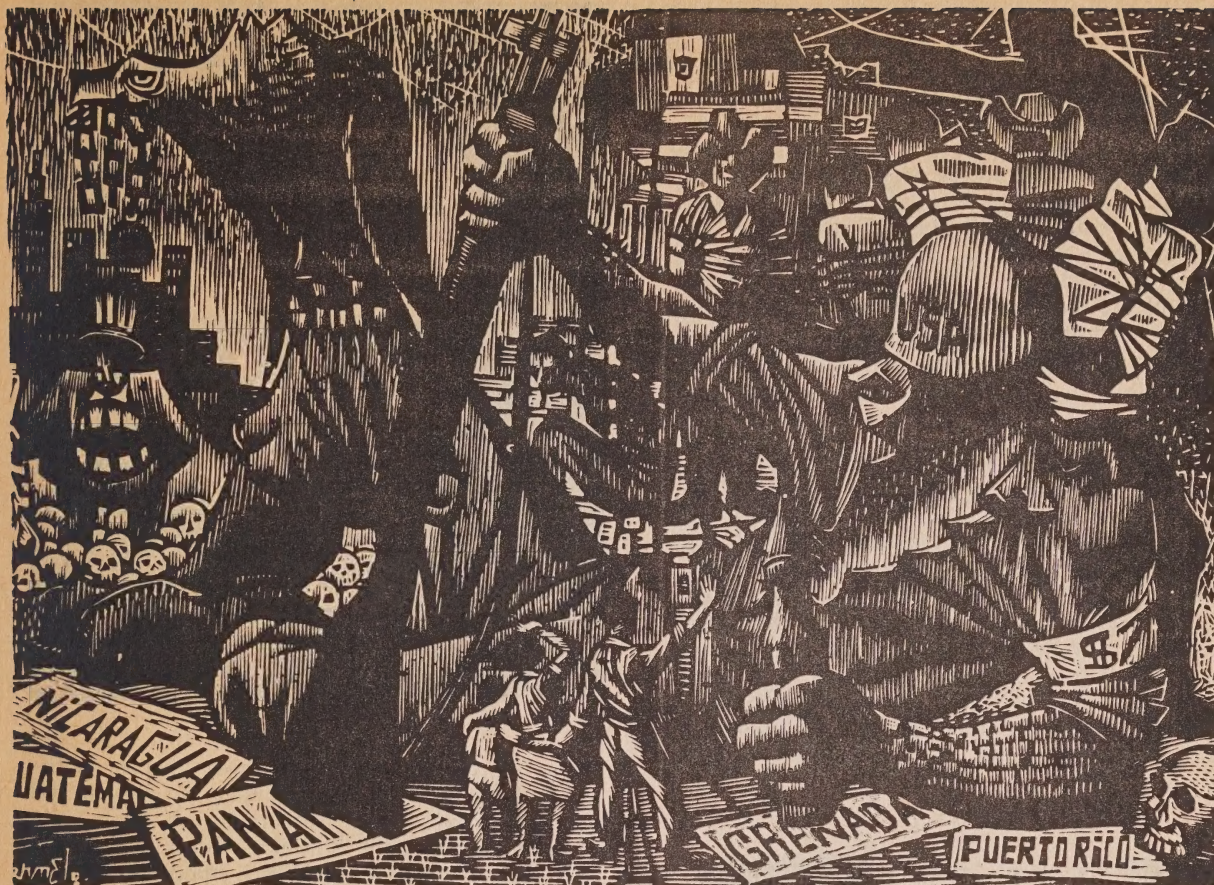
Our action carries a message to the U.S. imperialist class: we purposely aimed our attack at the institutions of imperialist rule rather than at individual members of the ruling class and government. We did not choose to kill any of them this time. But their lives are not sacred, and their hands are stained with the blood of millions. Let it be as clear to the people of this country as it is to the rest of the people of the world that the U.S. ruling class are criminals, and they will be held accountable for their crimes.

Thirty-three years ago almost to the day, Oscar Collazo and Griselio Torresola, two Puerto Rican Nationalists fighting for Independence for Puerto Rico, attacked another part of imperialist power — the Commander-in-Chief, the President of the U.S. Their action was one of the first in which the oppressed brought the war back to the doorsteps of the oppressor. We salute them and all those Puerto Rican, Mexican, New Afrikan, Native American, and North American freedom-fighters who have been killed or captured in the struggle. To them also, our action carries a message — our commitment to carry on the struggle.

U.S. Military out of Grenada, Lebanon, and Central America!

Defend the Grenadian and Nicaraguan Revolutions!

Armed Resistance Unit



Secrets Before Dawn

The worst part of waiting to die must be all the nights that you lay waiting in the darkness instead of sleeping. You can hear the last hours before the dawn. The cells whisper in ceaseless echos. It is easy to know that in each cell someone is laying there who is not sleeping. It is not the same as the darkness in the rest of the prison for here it is as much the inner darkness as it is the silence of steel and stone.

One of us was murdered the other night. Cheap hair oil soaked toilet paper and stealth were the weapons. The reason for dying was the final perversion of absolute fear in the mind of a child man who is no longer quite human.

Life goes on they say, yet here the daily ritual is one of dying. Each bit of time hides its truth from all the others. I lay rigid, determined not to move before the morning light. Just this once I will not get up before the birds begin to make their demand for food outside the cell window. Just this once, like all the other nights before, I know that I lie. Perhaps if I move silently, no one will realize that I can not sleep. No one will know that sleep is my enemy. To sleep is to lose the instants of life, to

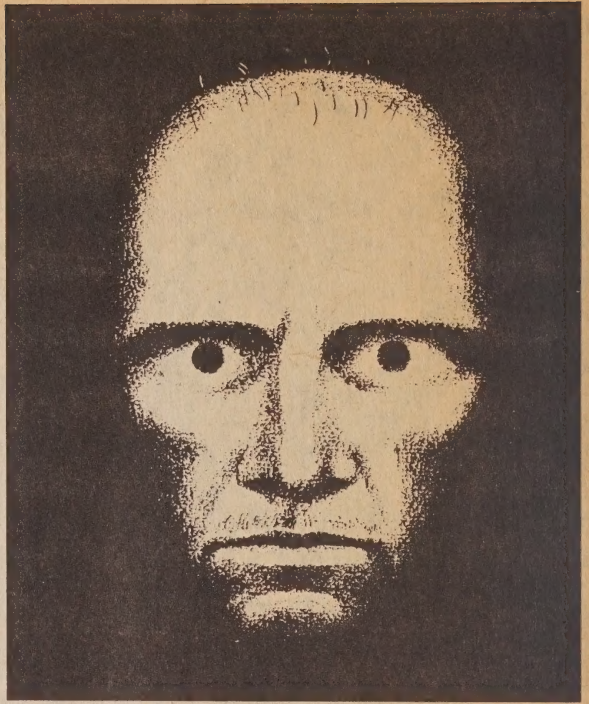
sleep is to face the dreams of ritual execution. The agony of the unknown coupled to the fact of the unpaid debts of hate.

I wonder how many others have lain in their own sweat and known that sooner or later they would die at the hands of another without the slightest ability to deny them victory? How many have dreamed my dreams of escape. Of an eternity of crawling on hands and knees through the desert brush feeling the sun burn and the thorns tear the still living flesh. Of finally sighting the goal of the highway that marks the line between life and death and feeling that one instant of total knowledge, knowing the failure and the hope in the same final instant. Somehow you fight your way to the edge of the highway thinking only a few more steps. Hang on, just a little further. Feeling the grit of the road with your hands and knees worn raw in maddening pain.

So slow, so much effort and still so slow. Knowing the effort is killing you, you find one more step with one hand and not knowing if there is going to be enough left for the other hands and knees to follow it in kind.

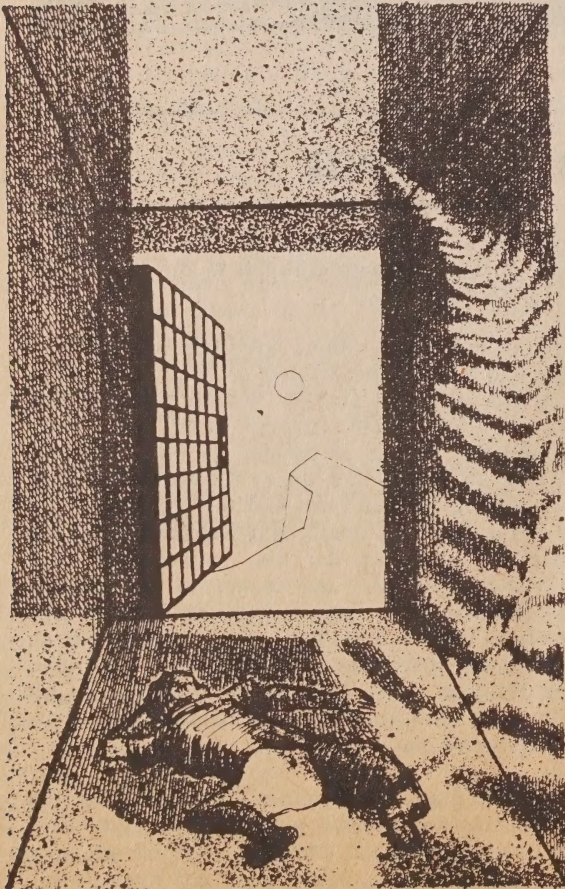
It is easy to see the car the prison uses to hunt down a man who is late for meals. How quickly it rolls to a stop while you are trying to find the effort it takes for more movement. The hunters get out of the car bringing their lunches. Eating on the hood of the car like a makeshift picnic table. Pointing, laughing, curious to see what is in you in this last step of courage or cowardice. You can feel your hands collapse and the stiff thump of the pavement on your cheek, the heat of the stone under a desert sky. You try with all of your heart to roll off the road and that last tiny inch to freedom, but somehow it just isn't there. You know it isn't there. They know it isn't there and we are all ashamed.

Somehow waking up still in the cell soaked in sweat is no comfort. Knowing that all the days ahead will give shelter to my dream is torture. The dreams are not always honest. Sometimes they will masquerade as hope. And laughing children will fill the time with sound. Sometimes the man will come to you and say that you are free, that the one who did this crime has confessed and they now know that you have no guilt. They say that all you have to do is take a shower and pack. You enter the shower and a door from nowhere slams shut, completing the gas chamber and in the silence of madness you no longer hear the sounds of your own screaming.



These are the secrets before dawn. These are the words beyond sharing if you love the person you speak to and beyond comfort if you do not. A naked mind hears the clammer of uselessness. The halls of the mind run endlessly among the clutter of a lifetime. No roadsigns here, just a mindless confusion of flashing light and dark of time passing. Moments stealing away to wherever they hide when you sleep or blink. Always just on the edge of madness is the sound of movement. You turn your head quickly, trying to trap whoever is making the sound into betraying themselves. Somehow it is important to catch them, as if the prize for that is the truth and that somehow the truth will help you. When the truth is that even the truth has turned against you.

Through all of this runs the sardonic laughter of all the individuals who claim in loud voices that they are "the society" and when you try to examine them one by one, they escape. Perhaps they aren't real. Perhaps I am not who and what I know I am. Perhaps there is no death here, no shame and no slaughter. Yes, and perhaps water isn't wet either. It is dawn now and I can hide my secrets where no one will find them. I can put on my mask of indifferent arrogance. I can speak in my slow way with just a hint of the laughter I have known. And no one will know. They will only know that I am some mother's son, that I have been loved once or twice. That I have loved others more than any would know. And maybe for a time I can lie to myself and pretend that the secrets before dawn do not exist.



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Rights Still Wrongs

More than three years ago a few rights conscious prisoners set out what they felt were the most important political priorities confronting Washington State prison inmates. Speaking from the Brushy Mountain prison in Tennessee, the exiles fixed (1) the stopping of involuntary out-of-state transfers, including the immediate return of transfer victims wanting to come back to Washington; and (2) the rectification of conditions in Walla Walla's segregation unit, particularly the establishment of genuine due process procedures and the implementation of meaningful release guidelines for segregation prisoners.

These two issues were never picked up or otherwise adopted as priorities by either the prisoners or their supporters on the outside. Even so, they are as important today as they were when they first were put forward for consideration. In fact, as often happens in such situations, the underlying problems tend to get worse and the need for a resolution of some sort grows and becomes increasingly clear with the passage of time.

It goes without saying that the gladiator school called Monroe prison is used by the Department of Corrections to threaten and intimidate Shelton's somewhat younger prisoners into conformity with the intolerable status quo. By the same token, convicts at Monroe are kept from expressing legitimate dissent out of a fear of being sent to the death trap of Walla Walla. And at the Walls (Walla Walla) the prisoners are kept in line by the deliberately cruel and dehumanizing conditions in that institution's segregation unit. But the human Will for dignity is strong.

Instead of being pacified by the torturous seg conditions, the intense repression has the opposite effect of breeding resistance. Hence the last trick in the state's grab bag of repression is the involuntary transfer to out-of-state prisons for those men in the seg unit who refuse to quietly submit to injustice.

Those on the inside who are seeking constructive change are not at present in a position to do much about the backwards prisoners at Monroe and Walla Walla who prey on youngsters from other joints, who objectively serve the interests of the state in the capacity of shock troops in its vicious campaign of fear. It is, however, possible to successfully attack Walla Walla's infamous segregation conditions, along with its concomitant and ever present threat of out-of-state banishment — both which happen to be the most potent weapons in the class enemy's arsenal of repression. In fact, it is essential that these weapons be neutralized if any concrete progress is to be made in the struggle to extend the democratic rights of prisoners.

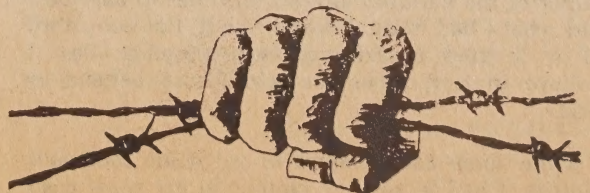
In the past five years more than two dozen Washington State prisoners have been subjected to out-of-state transfers. Some of these have been bounced from state to state for years. While in exile, such prisoners are denied access to the law books of the state in which they were sentenced, depriving them of their constitutional right of access to the courts. Just as bad, due to the extreme distances involved, these prisoners are effectively cut off from their families and loved ones outside. That banishment has been an outlawed form of punishment in this country for centuries can't be argued, nor can exception be taken with the fact that it is being used against prisoners critical of administrative policies.

Danny Atteberry and Bill Dunne protested the practice of transfer in the **Washington Prison News Service**, a small weekly newsletter they published, and now they too are in out of state prisons. Who will speak up for them? Those of us who are still in Washington prisons cannot remain silent on either of these two important issues, at least not if they expect progress to be made on other fronts. Similarly, conditions in 2W's segregation unit must be dealt with in a direct way, including elimination of the illegal "nutrient loaf" being served segregation prisoners, and establishment of the religious rights of Native Americans housed in that unit.

It is prisoners themselves who must be their liberators. There is much to be done, and no one is going to come in and do it for us. It needs to be done correctly as well. Appealing to tax-payers over the waste of their money is as ineffectual as begging prisonrats to do the right thing towards those they hold captives. Only the organized strength of prisoners and their loved ones on the outside, and this coupled with the support of other progressive movements, can succeed in winning a genuine extension of the democratic rights of prisoners. All else is an illusion fostered by the reformists and other dupes of the system.

There are many weaknesses to overcome and the task ahead is huge. The priorities suggested here are only a step in the direction things must go. Lots of help is needed.

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Why Me?

I'm lying on my bed twirling my fingers in my hair, thinking that I am going to lose my sanity from being incarcerated. I have been humiliated, deprived, abused and embarrassed. I'm just trying to figure out why I'm here. The crime I've been accused and convicted of just doesn't deserve this type of punishment. The conviction, Failure to Appear and Making False Statements — sentence, five years. It is not a fair sentence.

Something inside of me wants to make me hate myself and something inside of me tells me to hang on, things will get better. It is not my fault that I am here even when the institution has a program to tell me to look at myself and that I, myself, am the reason I that am here. I have looked at myself. I have done the necessary soul-searching to perceive what I am. What I perceive is a thirty-one year old black woman, an unmarried mother of two wonderful kids. I am basically good, just been a victim of a racist environment. I had to practically raise myself. My mother died when I was at the young age of fourteen. My father died two years later. I saw a world with an uneven chance for self-advancement since the city (Jacksonville, FL) where I lived is the most racist and corrupt city in the world.

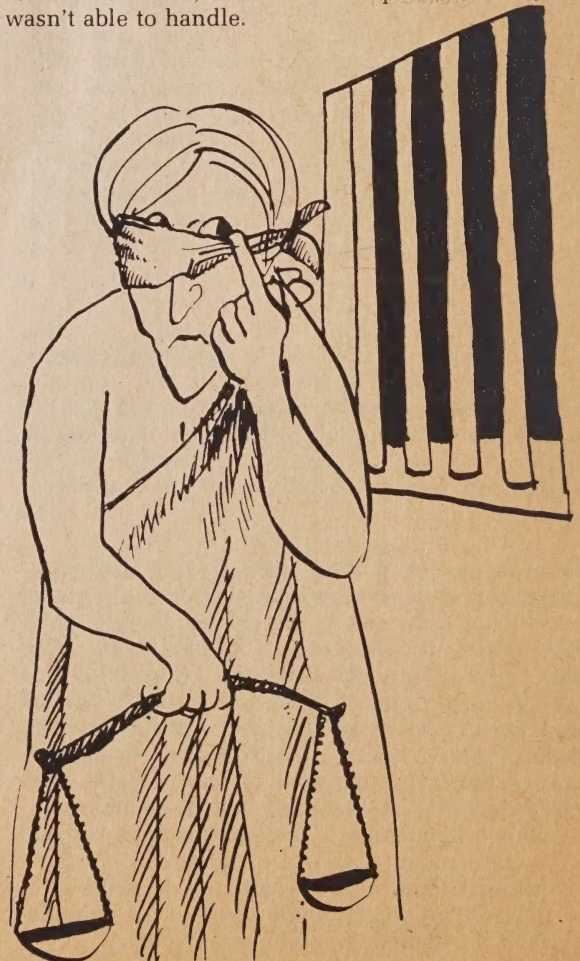
Trying to make ends meet is extremely hard to do particularly whenever I went to the welfare office with clean and decent clothes on. They would charge me with welfare fraud according to my dress code. They would accuse and file welfare charges against any black mother if she came to the office clean and decent. Being poor and unable to hire a private attorney, the court appointed a public defender. He, being white, had no interest in getting a fair trial for a black woman. I was afraid and pleaded guilty. The judge would have instructed the jury to convict me anyway because he knows that no one cares about a poor black woman.

After being denied welfare, I tried to obtain employment. Whenever I got a job, I found myself being talked down to by male co-workers, attempting to get me in bed with them. After I'd give him a piece of my mind I found myself out of a job. Later I filed a discrimination law suit. No lawyer wants to fight the system for a poor black woman. The office of equal opportunity didn't respond to any of my letters. With two growing children I got desperate. We were evicted, had nowhere to sleep. No relatives to go to for help. What could I do? No father of the children around. In order to survive I did what I had to do. I didn't like it, I'm not proud of it. I tried everything, even praying. Yes, I believe in God. Does the white man believe in God?

I wrote some bad cheques to get some food and clothes. I had to sell the clothes to get some cash

to rent an apartment and get the lights turned on. All I wanted was to live a comfortable life with some of the better things. I was willing to work hard and honest for the things I needed to take care of my children. By being black and poor, I have often been taken for granted.

At last I thought my break had come. I sought a job at CryBaby's Restaurant and Lounge. The owner was a good man who made a good living on the Golf Course. He opened the restaurant and lounge for extra income. The Jacksonville Sheriff's office often tormented him. His father who was eighty years old made him close his business. The police misused their authority and were against any black making it because they had some training in managing a business. I knew that they couldn't legally make him close down without a valid reason. I was determined to find out their motives for closing the business. I was just as determined to reopen the business for it is located in a very good business district and was a good way to create jobs for the community. CryBaby (name of owner) gave me authority to reopen the restaurant which, because of the police torture, he wasn't able to handle.



With the help of friends and business associates who believed the business could be successful, we reopened. It took a lot of hard work to get things in order. But we did it. About one week after the reopening the police started to persecute me. They used my prior arrest record as an excuse to keep putting me in jail. Every week, and sometimes twice a week, they would come in with no respect for others. They would run all the customers out, close the business and search everything in there and take me to jail on false charges. I would have to take the little money from the business and bond out of jail. At a bond hearing the assistant state attorney and the presiding judge could plainly see that I had been falsely arrested. They would ignore the significant facts of the case and tell me I would have to remain in jail for one month before the matter could be cleared.

Each time after I was arrested, I would file a complaint with the Internal Investigation Department of the Jacksonville Sheriff's office. They would tell me that they had more prominent cases than mine and I would just have to wait. While this was going on, I had to keep appearing in the U.S. District Court. The police kept persecuting and falsely arresting me. I was still paying the bondsman to get me out of jail. Ultimately, I was at the point of a nervous breakdown. I had gotten behind in my bills and received an eviction notice again. I didn't know what to do for the police had me where they wanted me. The Sergeant told me his motive for the persecution. They wanted me to use the business to get information on other people so he could build his reputation on the police force. I was not about to go along with this. I told him not to even think that I would get involved and stay out of my face and leave me alone. After I declined his offer, he took me to jail.

At this point in my life, everything seemed to have gone down the drain. I had to separate my children in order for them to have a place to sleep. I would sleep here and there with some friends who were able to let me stay with them for a few days. This oppression, pressure and stress was as a result of me not appearing in court. I didn't know what to do. About two months later I was caught. I was taken before a United States Magistrate and he appointed a Federal Public Defender to represent me. He was a white man whom I felt really wanted to get me out of this trouble but due to the fact he was receiving insults from his white peers about helping a poor black woman, he reluctantly let the court railroad me. The judge refused to let the testimony of the police abuse of authority and the torment they placed upon me into the trial; therefore I had no defense. I was found guilty by the jury. During the course of the trial, the United States Assistant Attorney brought my pending case before the jury. This is what they needed to hear to convict me.

There was a plea agreement made in the pending case, part of it included that I would not appeal

my conviction and the most I would be sentenced to was six months and four and-a-half years probation. On my sentencing date the plea agreement was accepted by the judge yet the agreement was violated and I was sentenced to five years. My court appointed attorney was standing at my side but he didn't say a word. I was so confused and under pressure that I was afraid to say anything at all.

I wrote to the Department of Justice. A man came to visit me. I told him everything about everything that had happened. He told me that it was part of police work for them to torment and harass anyone if they wanted to do so. Well, I just didn't know what else to say. I just couldn't believe that a representative of the U.S. Justice Department would say anything like that. A few weeks later I received a letter stating that I had no valid case when I have witnesses and evidence that prove otherwise. So here I am in prison with no one who will care for my children as I would; No visitors because I am over eight hundred miles away from my children; no letters from friends and business associates because they are afraid the same injustice could happen to them.

Blacks have forgotten the days when we couldn't eat in the same restaurants as whites; when we had black and white restrooms; when we had to give up our seats on the bus and stand in the back. Those days exist in disguise. The Ku Klux Klan still lives and is as strong as ever. They are the police, judges, attorneys, governors, just to name a few.

In the government, they have given blacks jobs with high titles but without authority or respect. While going to court I saw a black man whom I have always admired. I was his daughter's teacher's aide. He was walking through the court corridors. Not one white greeted him. He is the most respected man among blacks in Jacksonville, FL. He is Florida Supreme Court Justice, Leander Shaw. This is what we get from the white community — disrespect and no regards when we confront them on their level. I've seen where a very young assistant black state attorney was objecting to a bond reduction of a white man. The judge made him look like a fool and took his pride before a courtroom of people. If it was the opposite, nothing would have been said.

Oh, yes, this is how the white man treats the black sector. Even when we are the root of his success. We have laid the ground work for them and the repayment — lies, deceit and the place that I am now residing — Prison.

Gloria Hickson, #02246-018
Federal Correction Institution
Lexington, KY 40511

The Vancouver Five . . .

The first of five scheduled trials for the Vancouver Five — arrested January '83 for a series of political bombings in Toronto and B.C. — has been underway since last September. The trial is proceeding very slowly and there is little room for optimism over the outcome at this point in time. The first trial has been designed to clearly establish the "criminal and violent" nature of the Five in the eyes of the public. They are facing eleven charges, all "criminal" rather than political. The most serious one is conspiring to rob a Brink's truck and there are weapons charges as well. Much publicity has been given to the extent of the arsenal allegedly seized at the time of the arrests.

The trial didn't start off that badly. The defence worked hard to establish the fact that the publicity surrounding the case had clearly prejudiced potential jury members. A poll conducted by the defence showed that fifty-nine percent of the people in the area from which the jury would be chosen had already concluded that the Five were guilty. Judge Toy was swayed enough by these arguments that he allowed the defence to question the jury panel to determine possible prejudice. Such questioning of the jury by the defence is highly unusual in Canada.

One month later, after a one day recess to ponder whether or not there should be a complete ban on media coverage of all five trials, Toy came back repentant. He said that he had been wrong to allow the questioning of the jury panel and should not have been swayed by the "Trial by Media" arguments. It has been downhill for the defence since then.

The Voir Dire section of the trial took up the rest of the year. This was to determine whether or not the nearly 140 hours of audio tape from room bugs planted in the houses of the Five were admissible as evidence. Just before Christmas, Toy concluded that there was no reason to disbelieve the testimony of the various police witnesses; that there was no indication of fraud or willful non-disclosure during the application to obtain an authorization to intercept conversations of the Five in order to investigate the firebombing of the Red Hot Video Stores.

With Orwellian simplicity, the Privacy Act allows for electronic interception of conversation if all other investigative methods have failed or are likely to fail. Since it is impossible to gain access to the information with which the police justify the need for electronic interception, it is impossible to challenge the legality of the room bugs at this level. It is curious though that the Police had concluded that they were unlikely to come up with enough evidence to bring the suspects to trial for the Red Hot firebombing less than one month after

they occurred. They don't seem to have much confidence in themselves even though the firebombings happened while the Five were under surveillance.

What was revealed during the course of the trial was that wire taps or room bugs placed under the Official Secrets Act by the Security Service (SS) do not have to be revealed by the criminal police when they go for their permission to bug suspects. For the sake of discussion, one could imagine the SS already knowing who was guilty of one crime, while the criminal police obtained wiretap authorization to investigate it. This would, in fact, allow the police to investigate possible association with other crimes, say the Litton bombing. All this would be all very legal by the books. As we stated above, the Judge said he had no reason to disbelieve the pigs.

Many areas of the police investigation remain murky. In fact, knowledge about the role of the SS was only revealed by a mistake in the office of the prosecutor. We are also to believe that the SS ceased their investigation when they determined that the Five were possibly up to an arson. Since they have no authority to investigate criminal matters — though what were they doing investigating the Five in the first place then — they followed their rules and went off to other business.



20 "The way I see it, once you start treating them as human beings, you've had it."

What is clear is that physical surveillance is an inefficient way to gather information. It requires up to ten people to keep one suspect under general observation. This means that bugging and/or the use of informants must make a lot of sense to the police accountants.

The testimony of the police seemed designed to deny the level of intelligence gathering that had gone on in the Vancouver political community long before any of the bombings took place. The official story as to how the investigation led to the Five is possible, but not very likely. Only one local intelligence cop admitted to having any suspicions about any of the Five from the time of the first bombing. The police would prefer that it was a combination of luck and hard work that led them to start watching the Five. But even when any of the defence questioning suggested possible surveillance on members of the support committees, the questions were ruled out on the grounds of National Security. Great efforts are being taken to ensure that it is not the police who are on trial.

The actual trial itself is now on but little has happened of any import nor is it likely to happen. The police are simply recounting their testimony for the sake of the jury.

Gerri Fergusson, a long time prison activist both inside and out and a strong supporter of the Five, was recently picked up illegally by the police. She was taken to the station, beaten and interrogated about the Five, their supporters and various publications in Vancouver. This shows that they are still up to their old tricks.

JSG 50% USK 13 1/4 OTT 70



"Now here's a nice safe investment. It's an 11 per cent tax free bond issue to finance the construction of clandestine prisons."

The following interview was conducted at Oakalla Prison in November. The Five; Ann Hansen, Gerry Hannah, Brent Taylor, Julie Belmas and Doug Stewart can be reached at the following address; Drawer O, Burnaby, B.C. V5H 3N4. Money is still needed for their defence. Write to their support group at Box 48296, Bentall Station, Vancouver, B.C. V7X 1A1. An about to be published pamphlet of their writings can be had for \$1 at the same address.

... Interview

Bulldozer: What initially attracted you to the punk movement?

Gerry Hannah: I was attracted to the way it was very rebellious and wasn't afraid to speak out on issues which seemed important, whereas rock music, up until that point, from the early seventies on, had tried very hard to steer clear of important or controversial subjects. Basically it had become a business, an enterprise rather than a culture, a youth culture. It was refreshing to see that was being done away with and people were moving independently of that whole structure which had become so institutionalized. When Punk came along, i was just really interested in the raw energy of it and the boldness of its political consciousness — although it wasn't totally politically conscious.

It isn't today either. But it was far more conscious than anything that had happened prior to that. Today, I think the political end of punk music is still growing. It seemed to have died off for a while around 1979, '80, '81. A lot of the political consciousness of punk was in the background and

what was in the foreground was a lot of trendiness. The emphasis was on speed and music and to a great extent, violence, except for a few pockets here and there of more politically conscious individuals and groups.

Bulldozer: What is the position of women within the movement?

G.H.: I think punk has more to offer women than any other youth music culture because there are more doors open within it. The movement isn't as progressive as it should be by any stretch of the imagination. Women are still portrayed as playthings to be possessed by men. A lot of punks will pay lip service to equality of women and whatnot. When it comes right down to it, they're still playing the same old games that you'll find in any youth culture, or any culture for that matter in western civilization. It has the potential to change radically. And it has the potential for women to come out and be powerful and realize themselves fully musically as well as individuals free from sexism.

Death from Above — The Cruise

there's a monster at large
That has the whole world running.
Its electronic brain
is deadly and cunning.
It glides through the sky
With the grace of a dove
But its roaring jet engine
Brings death from above.
Created by madmen
With minds bent with hate
It's the perfect new toy
For the whims of the state.
They say that its role
Is strictly defense
But the truth of it is
It's dollars and cents.
And they fail to mention
Their additional goal
To crush opposition
And maintain control.
Though we told them "forget it
We don't want to burn"
It's being deployed
Despite our concern.
But we musn't lose heart
Or cease in our struggle
Cause there's a monster at large
And it's looking for trouble.

Gerry Hannah

Bulldozer: How did your ecological consciousness fit into such an urban culture as punk?

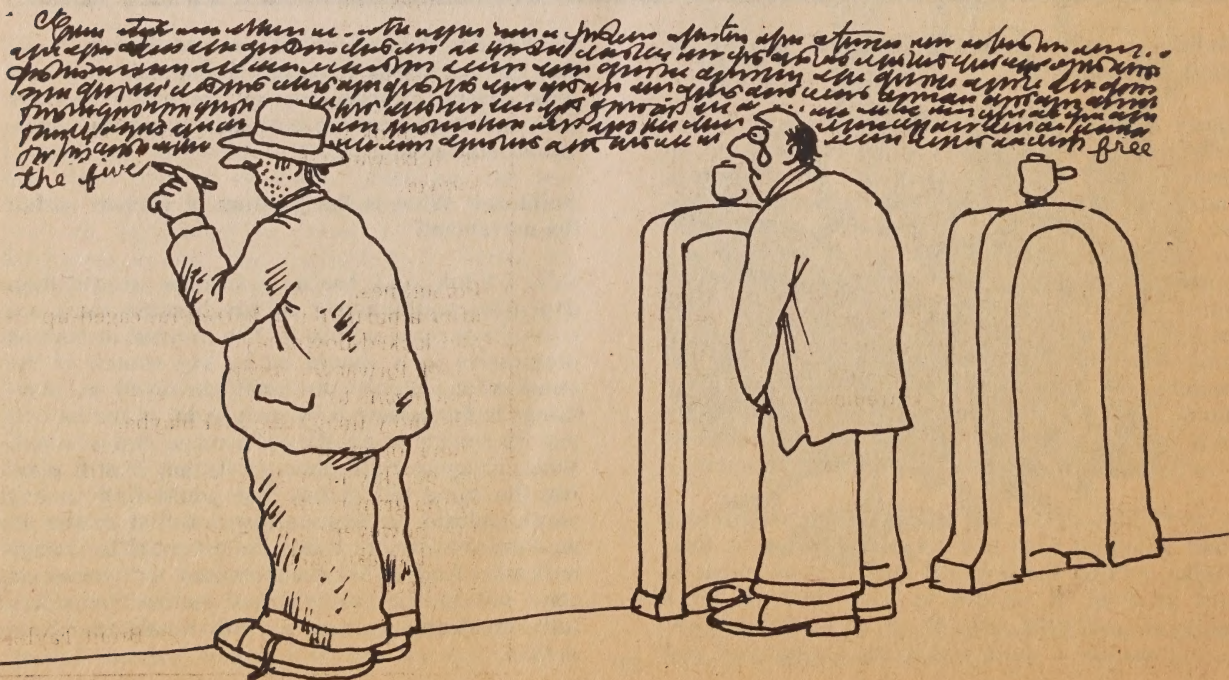
G.H.: Not very well really. That's one of the unfortunate drawbacks of this sort of tradition of the punk movement. It is very urban oriented and there isn't much room in it for ecological issues or feelings. The punk movement has always traditionally glorified the back alley setting and you'll notice that a lot of punk groups are posed in pictures of back alleys, decrepit back alleys and burnt out buildings, not just urban settings but devastated urban settings.

The point behind this is obvious. It is showing what our society is coming to and how western civilization is leading to devastation.

But on the other hand, the over-glorification of that has pushed the punk community far away from the ideas of ecology to the point where it is considered to be a silly issue; something that punks shouldn't, not only don't, but shouldn't relate to. I think that is sad. But that could change too. I see the potential for that changing as well. The punk community is a very tribal community. I see at some point that perhaps it will lead towards more of an ecological consciousness.

Bulldozer: You have used the slogan "Protect the Earth!" What does it mean to you?

G.H.: To me, it's asking people to not only consider the traditional means of resistance to imperialism, to racism and to sexism but also to incorporate into their consciousness the fact that the earth is being destroyed. When it is finally



destroyed and life is reduced to either desolation and barren waste land or to some completely artificial consumer society there is no real life at all. When even humans are reduced to practically programmable entities, then there won't be any base from which to fight the other issues. It is crucial for me and the other four as well that we remember the earth is our support.

All other issues — racism, sexism, imperialism can be fought as long as we're alive to fight. As long as Human Beings are to some degree free, as long as life still breaths on Earth, there will be resistance. But when life is gone there is no chance to fight anything. Nothing will change. There won't be anything else. This is an issue that is ignored by most people on the left and amongst radicals in general. People are willing to protect the earth on one level, but not with the deep Respect and understanding that is actually necessary. I think we are morally obligated to feel for the Earth. I think that the militant native people come the closest to sharing our feelings about the planet. I think we have to as whites look at it more as they look at it, more in a spiritual sense, in a spiritual way, rather than looking at it as we've been trained which is to see it in terms of commodities.

Bulldozer: What is the women's prison like?

Ann Hansen: Women's prisons are different than men's prisons in many ways. It takes a long time being in prison to realize what it does to people because it is not always overt and obvious. The more subtle things are often the most damaging.

One of the most obvious things is that you don't have any control or power over your own life. It's not that the guards go around beating up on women or go around making them take their shoes off and on — overt power trips. But simply by the way prison is institutionalized, you have virtually no control over anything. To make a phone call, you have to put in a pink request. You have to ask to go out in the yard. You have to go to meals or else you get locked up in the visiting room in a little cell. If you are not up by a certain time, you get locked up all day until three o'clock.

It just ends up that you have no power. Everyone has a need to exercise some power and if they are denied essential power then they end up developing a need to use power against other prisoners. You end up with an extreme power dynamic amongst the prisoners themselves — extreme hierarchies.

Bulldozer: What happens if someone can't take the pressure?

A.H.: If you can't cope with prison very well, if you start to have anxiety problems, the medical staff is very poor in helping you. If a person has problems and they actually get to see the psychia-

Waiting , waiting, waiting,
waiting for Them,
waiting, waiting, waiting,
always waiting.

Waiting
for Them to open the gates of the cells,
always waiting,
for the meals,
for a phone call,
for yard time,
for a visit,
and then,
waiting to be locked up again.

Waiting
for Them to take the request slips,
always waiting,
for some consideration,
for some justice,
for some respect,
for some humanity,
and still,
waiting for an answer to yesterday's request.

Why are we waiting?
there is nothing here that
is worth waiting for,
Why wait for more waiting?

and for more,
rules.
regulations.
restrictions.
repression.
reactionarism.

We need freedom,
and if we wait for that,
if we think we can get that from Them,
we'll be waiting,
forever.

Sometimes,
after a particularly barred-in, caged-up
and locked-down day,
i look forward to sleep,
as a means to escape,
somehow imagining that maybe,
come tomorrow...
yet quickly i am again aware,
of the grim reality,
that however long i sleep,
i will awake again,
in prison.

Brent Taylor

trist, no one gets verbal types of therapy. It is always drug treatment. They start giving the women a few drugs like Serorax and if the problems continue, they give them heavier drugs until they are actually like zombies, just sitting there.

Quite a few women develop slashing problems which means that they take out their anxiety on themselves by slashing with a razor. I couldn't say they seriously wanted to commit suicide because obviously they could simply cut open their jugular vein in their bed and bleed to death. Or they could severely cut through their wrists. But they slash so that there is blood coming out and there is a threat of bleeding to death. The attitude of the prison is that you are trying to get attention and that slashing is not good behaviour. Usually you are taken down to isolation as a form of punishment and given more behaviour modification drugs.

Bulldozer: Is there a sense of group solidarity?

A.H.: The administration takes a very severe stance towards any form of group solidarity. The few times that the women have agreed to take a stand against something the administration reacts immediately by saying that if you do this, we are going to cut off all your open family visits, all of your telephone calls and take away the TV. There are always some people who do not want that to happen because their family means everything to them. It is a very strong weapon that the administration uses.

You need the backing of the entire population to do anything. Let's say a small group of people decide that they didn't want to go down for meals.

Well the administration would probably cut off everyone's open visits. That would turn the other prisoners against the people resisting. It works. You can't survive in here if you have 90 percent of the other prisoners down your back. The only times you get solidarity is when things have come to a real extreme point and everyone is willing to give up their privileges.

Bulldozer: Do the other women hold a traditional view of femininity? Is there pressure to conform to traditional outside values?

A.H.: You couldn't say that the women in prison are feminists but neither could you say that they are the traditional women you would meet in the work force or the suburbs. There is pressure on some basic levels, to shave your legs, use deodorant, keep yourself clean. There is a theoretical acceptance of traditional values but they are intermingled with the street values. The women here who are used to living on the streets are used to taking care of themselves. They are not submissive and subservient to men. They are used to dealing with a lot of danger, day-to-day survival. In general men are seen as being marks. Men are the narcs, the man, the pusher, the pigs and the bulls. They survive off of men but don't respect them. There are some women in here who have boyfriends and they are in a separate category. By and large, I would say they have an understanding that men are their oppressors.

Bulldozer: How did your own feminism develop?

A.H.: I rejected being a feminist for a long time because I wouldn't accept the fact that I was an oppressed woman. I was brought up in a family which wanted me to be a boy. So I grew up with a lot of expectations that I would be physically active. I was used to a certain amount of respect from my parents. For some reason I never had any direct experience with being oppressed by men and for that reason I rejected feminism. I really started to become aware of feminism from the women I met when I came out here to Vancouver.

I thought that sexism had to be overt like men calling women chicks, not listening to them and expecting them to wear dresses. The men I knew didn't do that. But when I came here to Vancouver there were a lot of strong feminists and they opened up my eyes to the more subtle forms of sexism that I was subjected to. In mixed groups men tend to have control over the information; they tend to take on more responsibility; tend to dominate the conversations and tend to have the final say on a more subtle level.

The women do more of the postering and distribution of the pamphlets, but the pamphlets are written by the men. The group's files are usually in a men's house and the women come and work from his files. From this, I started to develop more of a social analysis from a feminist perspective. Pornography would be one example. I became aware that





just because I, myself, hadn't been brought up in an overly sexist way didn't mean that most women are. The problems of sexism are very severe.

Bulldozer: What about pornography?

A.H.: Pornography reflects and also reinforces a basic patriarchal perspective on life that you can see in not only how men relate to women but how they relate to the natural world, the third world and other people in general. I don't know where it all began but pornography reflects an alienation from a person's sensitivity and gentleness and the so-called feminine side of themselves. I think men over the centuries have become progressively more and more alienated from that part of themselves and they actually fear it socially because if a man is gentle, sensitive and soft, then he is considered a wimp. When men have these feelings, they feel like wimps and they hate that part of themselves and reject it. It becomes something they despise.

I think pornography also reflects the objectification of life. Through the centuries, and probably more through industrialization, people have more and more begun to relate to animals, plants, people, etc as objects rather than as equal living creatures. They put an economic value on everything. In pornography, women are objectified as sex objects.

The growing violence of porn reflects the growing violence of our society, the growing alienation, the growing frustration of people.

Bulldozer: So violence reflects the inability of individuals to have empathy with other creatures?

A.H.: Violence has a lot of causes. In this society frustration is increasing. There are fewer and fewer jobs, less and less meaning. There is the constant threat of nuclear holocaust. There is a buildup of violence in people because there is no peace in their lives, no future and no hope. There is an ongoing, growing alienation from the more gentle, sensual, spiritual aspect of human nature. This alienation allows people to become more violent without feeling the pain of others. When they see a woman being raped on TV, they don't sit there and think that it is disgusting. They either think that it is funny or are excited by it. Or when they drive in the country and see a lumbering company cutting down the trees, the reaction is the same. They don't think, "O God, that is terrible, the forest is being cut down." They think that it is progress and that it is cool. They don't see it as vandalism. They don't have it in them anymore to see that it is a tragedy. Someone who is more connected to nature wouldn't have to be taught through books that nature is necessary for human survival.



Bulldozer: What is the autonomous women's movement.

A.H.: The autonomous women's movement consists of women who want to work with other women because they don't like the dynamics that develop when they work with men. They feel that they can grow best when they are working with women. I also think that in order for any problems to be resolved that even an autonomous women's movement would have to recognize the need to work with men, at least in the form of coalitions, or with some links to mixed groups. It is going to take a lot of unity to change anything.

I don't think it is totally correct for women to believe that men are totally resistant to hearing anything about feminism. If an autonomous women's movement refuses to have absolutely any communication or links with mixed groups then they can never expect the mixed groups to benefit from their analysis and knowledge, all of the things they have learned. In my experience there are men who genuinely want to learn about feminism and are open to it. I don't think women should be obligated to work with them but at least they should in the long term keep open some channels of communication with mixed groups and maintain an ability to develop coalitions if the movement gets big enough.

It is perfectly valid for women to work autonomously of men just as it is valid for Indians to work with just Indians, or Blacks to work with just Blacks. There are differences between men and women, Blacks and Indians and whites and these differences shouldn't be negated.

Bulldozer: What are the lessons you've learned about the police?

A.H.: It's weird because it seems that the police can be extremely competent, confident and yet not know the most obvious things. They can be on top of things, be following you with ten or twelve people without you knowing at all. They can have your house bugged, your car bugged, everyone's phone tapped and no one knows. Yet, they may not have the most basic publications that the left puts out. I think that people should always assume that the police are as competent as they reasonably could be. Never assume that the police aren't capable of doing what their technology allows. For example, they have these things called bird dogs. It is a tracer they can put on your vehicle so that they can monitor or follow your vehicle no matter what kind of anti-surveillance techniques you use.

If a person were to do anything illegal, they should remove themselves completely from the community. I think the police are technically competent. They're not foolproof though. They have their weak points but you can never predict what they are. You would never know until after the fact what their weaknesses are. It is better to assume that they have all their strengths so you can be sure that you are safe.

Publications Received

Statements of the Vancouver Five — a 40 page pamphlet can be obtained for a donation of \$1 from the support group at POB 48296, Bentall Station, Vancouver, B.C. V7X 1A1. Any inquiries about the situation of the Five can also be made to this address.

Bulletin is a publication of the Civil Liberties Action Security Project in Vancouver. Their first issue is long sold out but their second issue should be out shortly. This journal would be of interest to any Canadian whose activities might bring them into conflict with the forces of the state. Good production qualities, thoughtful articles, single issue is \$2 from CLASP, POB 65369, Stn F, Vancouver, B.C. V5N 5P3.

Prison Journal is a new magazine from Matsqui prison in B.C. It is primarily a literary magazine but includes a good introduction explaining why Canadian prisoners have chosen to express themselves through art rather than politics. No price is mentioned but send a dollar or so at least to: Editor, Prison Journal, University of Victoria Program at Matsqui, Box 2500, Abbotsford, B.C. V2S 4P3. Financial contributions should be sent to Prison Journal Acct., Bank of Montreal, 33757 S. Fraser Way, Abbotsford, BC.

The newest issue of **Bayou La Rose**, a special issue on feminism has just been issued by one of the founding groups of the Survival Network. Their address is POB 52282, New Orleans, LA 70152.

Many of the same people who write for and support Bulldozer are also members of the Survival Network. The network has 71 affiliates now and this includes Bulldozer. Members of the network come from the native, ecological, women, prisoner and prisoner support communities and collectives from across the continent. Subs are \$10 per year. For more information or copies of the newsletter write to them at Box 52282, New Orleans, LA 70152.

An Anthology-in-Progress of Creative work for Womyn in Prison should be nearing completion. For more information write to Maggie McKenna, 322 S. Silver Lane, Sunderland, MA 01375.

One of the Survival Network affiliates, **Instead of A Magazine**, published a special co-issue of the SN Newsletter. This paper has a number of very good letters from prisons all over the U.S. They are at; POB 806, Willimantic, CT 06226.

Sisters of the Wind is also published by an affiliate that takes more of a spiritual perspective but has very good information on women prisoners. Their address is POB 712, Wabash, IN 46992. Ten dollars for six issues.

No More Cages gives voice to women prisoners whom, as they say, are too often forgotten in our struggles against prisons. Each issue contains poetry, art, letters and thoughtful articles. Their address is POB 90, Brooklyn, NY 11215. Free to prisoners.

The Prison Book Program, 92 Green St., Jamaica Plain, MA 02130 distributes books and magazines into prisons. Left Bank Books, 92 Pike St. Seattle, WA also has a similar program.

Staying Together is a newsletter published by Aid to Incarcerated Mothers, St Paul's Cathedral, 138 Tremont St., 4th flr., Boston, MA 02111.

The new issue of **Crazy Horse Spirit** is out from its new home in Seattle. As usual it is of excellent graphic quality and covers many native struggles. Their address is 2524 16th S., Seattle, WA 98144. Please send a donation.

Tightwire from the women's prison in Kingston has also released a new issue. Write to Box POB 515, Kingston, Ont.

Almighty Voice POB 69092, Station K, Vancouver, BC should also soon come out again. This group works closely with the brotherhood at Kent prison. Donations are needed as with every other group.

Cemetery Road News Box 2000 Agassiz, BC, V0M 1A0 has also published recently and includes a piece by Tommy Smith one of Bulldozer's most consistent supporters. Send a small donation or just a note to them to receive this work

Resistance Box 790, Station A, Vancouver, B.C. Issue #6 had a good descriptive article on the situation surrounding the recent guerrilla attacks in B.C. and the subsequent repression. Issue #7 should be out at any time now. Please send them \$2 for a sample copy.

Kick It Over is a local anti-authoritarian publication with whom the Bulldozer collective has close ties. Subs are \$5.00 for 6 issues, free to prisoners. Write to them at: POB 5811, Stn. A, Toronto, Ont. M5W 1P2.

F Noise has its roots in the Punk movement. Issue #4 has a comprehensive article outlining police action against the Peace movement and anarchist communities in Toronto. Send a dollar for a copy to POB 263, Stn. D, Toronto, Ont. M6P 2K0.

Seditious Libel, POB 6981, New York, NY 10150, request submissions of poetry from prisoners, or anyone else, for inclusion in their next issue. Their first issue is now available.

Our Traditions

In the self-contained world behind the walls of prisons today, an awakening is taking place among our Indian brothers and sisters. It's an awakening to our rights as Indian people to believe in who we are and the right, not privilege, to practice our spiritual ways and practices. Slowly, prison administrators are being forced to acknowledge this most basic right, but unfortunately, with the usual resistance and stalls.

Right now is the time for Brotherhoods to take a close look at the changes, which are coming their way. Inroads are being made to bring our sweat lodges, pipe ceremonies, spiritual practices and Elders into prisons across the country. The power of our spirituality is carrying itself to where the need is great. And with it spiritual ways are brought in, that it is done right, administered by our true Elders and respected by prison authorities.

All Brotherhoods must look closely and talk amongst themselves about the realities of this responsibility and to make sure that our spiritual ways are protected. In the outside world, where government and corporate interests go hand-in-hand in exploiting what little remains of the natural world — only to feed and perpetuate the illusion of an artificial world — the fight for our natural rights has also become an internal struggle. People play with their illusions over who they are; confused over their identities and continually compromise the natural way to "adjust" and made sense of all that surrounds them.

We have to get away from judging each other for our mistakes. We are all human, have faults and made mistakes. When we sit down and share our feelings we realize we are no better than anyone else. The Creator has made us equal. Then we understand that we need to find our identities as Indian people and come together, not fall apart as a nation and be made vulnerable to deals and manipulation. Many of our brothers and sisters in prisons will be forced to deal with a confusing world when released. They may feel strong enough to leave, but some will become weak, unable to cope with the outside reality; knowing deep down that it's a prison out here too. They may turn to drinking or else become another sacrifice to society and jump onto the treadmill, which will lead them back to where they just came from.

Haven't we learned anything by this? Haven't things changed? When are we going to support each other and to take some responsibility in helping our younger brothers, many of them who are sitting in provincial prisons; carrying with them the illusion of thinking it's a big trip to go for big time in a federal pen. Now is the time to collectively understand that the prison system is only the system's weapon to control our people — to punish us and make us suffer for its sins. It is time to take a solid direction; to make a stand as a unified people, who are able to put their hearts and minds together.

All traditional Elders point to our confusing times, to the many splits and lack of understanding amongst our people, and to the great struggle between the natural and artificial worlds, as the time of purification. So much has been abused: the earth, the animals and even our own spirituality. The most recent edition of **Akwesasne Notes** (Winter 1983) carries in it alarming reports made by traditional Elders about the widespread and growing abuse of our Indian ways and spiritually by both our own people and the white man.

Some of these reports include happenings where the instructions on the use of the sacred pipe is given to non-Indians for a price; sweat lodges are being run by Indians for non-Indians; the sacred drum is being abused by singing groups, who use drugs and drink while using the drum; Indian ceremonies are being commercialized; and both Indian and whites are being exploited in sacred ceremonies; to name just a few. (To get a copy of **Akwesasne Notes**, sent free of charge to inmates, write A.N. at Mohawk Nation via Roosevelttown, N.Y. 13683).



Are Not for Sale

The traditional Circle of Elders, representing many Indian nations, warn all people of these abuses of our spirituality. They caution people of so-called "spiritual leaders," who carry pipes and other objects sacred to the Red Nations, who gather non-Native followers and who aren't true spiritual leaders or medicine people. "The medicine people are chosen by the medicine and long instruction and discipline is necessary before ceremonies and healing can be done," stated the Elders Circle in their report.

Because our spiritual practices and ceremonies may soon be allowed in all prisons in Canada, carried in by Elders, it is important that all Brotherhoods are aware of the spiritual abuse, by self-professed spiritual leaders, happening on the outside. These traditional Elders also advise that anyone not certain of a particular person should ask them the following questions: "What nation does the person represent? What is their Clan and Society? Who instructed them and where did they learn? What is their home address?" If you can't get any answers, the Elders invite anyone to write them about their concerns and they will check into these people. (See the end of this letter for Elders' names and addresses).

We have to be aware of these abuses to our Indian ways and beliefs. We have to protect the integrity and purity of our ceremonies, which are being placed in unnatural surroundings, subjected to the harsh scrutiny of prison officials. We all know of instances where sweat lodges have been set up only to be pissed on by the bulls, kicked apart and the sweat itself limited only to a few hours, in some cases, hardly enough time for the sacred rocks to heat up. We must make sure that our Elders can prepare our ceremonies properly, the way it should be, without being laid open to the manipulation tactics of the administration. And we must seek out our Elders and ask them for their advice — to give us a direction and help us out at a time when our path as a united people is so split and confused; scattered in many directions.

We need strong men and women out here — strong in their beliefs and identities, to help those who are weaker.

We need people out here to work amongst our people because who would know more about this system than our brothers who've done time in the belly of the beast. Brotherhoods should look also and find out about some of the good things that are happening out here; to find out about the camps where they can go and get help when they come out. One is the Burwash Project near Sudbury — a healing land-based community, which Ojibwe Elder Art Solomon initiated and is a part of. As a brotherhood, we must prepare ourselves. WE must look into and become a part of some of the good alternatives which have been set up, so that we will know where to find help when we need it.

As an Indian person, who has done time in a federal prison, I will never say that I have and know all the answers. I myself have had my struggles and am still struggling for truth and a better understanding for myself. I can only make you aware of some of my concerns and I support anyone in the search for one's own understanding.

A Brother
Frank Dreaver



WALTER/DENNY
ROCKY BOY ROUTE
BOX ELDER, MT 59521

PETER O'CHIESE ENTRANCE
TERRY RANCH
ENTRANCE, ALBERTA, CANADA

HOPI INDEPENDENT NATION
SHUNGOPAVY PUEBLO
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IZADORE THOM
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BELLINGHAM, WA 98225

PHILIP DEERE
RT 3, BOX 75
OKEMA, OK

FRANK CARDINAL SR.
CHATEAU, POB 120
ASSUMPTION, ALBERTA T0M 0S0

LARRY ANDERSON
NAVAJO NATION
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Spirit in the Iron Houses II

These pig stys are not the best places to learn, but they do offer a first opportunity for many. Worse yet is the "alternatives" that are so abundant here and throughout the system: home brew — booze, other drugs and hallucinogenics, the boob-toob, the gangs and cliques, the weight piles, the gym, the rec yard, the fruiter's — yeah, all the same vices as are found on the street, even women once in a while, if one wants to jeopardize "a good thing." If you happen to have one, that is!

Then there is always the dread "lack of unity" so prevalent amongst all Native People. More on that later. The one or two good things are the so-called "Spiritual-Cultural Renaissance," and "the desire to learn" of some of these young fellows. Too bad that all those "alternatives" usually take precedence over the latter. If that doesn't, then most usually, lack of unity does.

So it behooves us first of all to check out "what unity or lack of it there is" before setting out on any course one might want to head on; especially if the course is "spiritually orientated." Cultural groups or brotherhoods are popular in prison. Many don't appear to realize that Cultural Heritage is and must be based on Spiritual foundations of Love, Care, Concern, and Respect of and for all living things of our Great Spirit-Creator-Grandfather.

It is essential to learn that the Native Way of Our Grandfathers includes the Circle of Life, the Sacred Hoop of Unity in all things. That the Native Way, the Circle includes all things of concern to the community, i.e., mental, emotional, physical, and spiritual wellbeing, as well as social and political concerns. All things make up the links of the chain in this Circle of Life where the "weakest link" places the whole Circle, the community or the individual in jeopardy, or a state of confusion to say the least. This is why, one reason anyway, unity of all the component parts, including "The People" is so important.

We hear "crys and calls for unity" all the time. Everyday we hear Native Leaders speak of and call for unity. We see it in virtually every Native media, large or small. The fact is — that we as Native People, or as Native Nations shall never achieve unity until all those "weak links of the chain making up the Circles all over the Western Hemisphere are welded together to become one." Finally, for this concept to materialize, it will require "Getting Back to Basics!"

Non-natives (and many Natives) think of Getting Back to Basics as a form of "regression", probably because it has connotations of going back to the days stereotyped so well by "the John Wayne Syndrome" as I call it; of bows 'n arrows, breech cloths, scalps, etc., which wouldn't be too bad if we could do it all over again.



However, Getting Back to Basics doesn't mean that at all. It simply means getting back to the simpler things in life, a deep and abiding respect for Our Earth Mother, and love, care, concern, and respect for all living things of Mother Earth, All My Relations. Things of the more Spiritual realm, I leave to others, but I can't go on without at least mentioning The Sacred Hoop, The Four Directions, The Four Winds, Sky, Moon, Earth, Fire, Water, Air, Grandfather Sun and the many other things of The Creator that "makes each of us the center of the universe" that we must remember to be Thankful for as we pray for all of these things everyday."

I've mentioned that in "this society," everyone is entitled to his or her own "opinion," but I hesitate to say the same about "interpretations;" especially of "The Basics." I think we all can agree that Native Nation's Culture, Language, Practice and Expression of many aspects of our lives have been and probably always will be "different" to say the least. The "one thing" we've always, all, had in common has been, and is "The Basics of Our Spiritual Beliefs" which I've touched lightly upon.

Just the "Practice and Expression of these Spiritual Beliefs" differ somewhat from Nation to Nation of Natives all over the Western Hemisphere. My point here is that there wouldn't appear to be all that much room for "differences in interpretation" and the "lack of unity that results from differing opinions or interpretations. Unfortunately this is not the case.

Seems as though every skin who hits one of these p.o.w. camps has a different idea about how a group should be organized. That's not all bad either, that is until one holding different viewpoints insists that "his way is the only way," and attempts to justify it by twisting truth.

Perhaps some of the skins I'm referring to are just afraid of the truth, the prophecy, that "The Circle always comes back upon itself," and they don't want to offend the Spirits. Or perhaps they've just forgotten the Native Way or find it too hard to live and teach by example. Whatever it is, it reminds me of the more than 2000 different religions that have been born due to "differing interpretations" by 2000 different people in the 2000 years or so since Jesus Christ taught the Christians the Simple Basics of their beliefs. The same thing seems to be happening to us! Some of us are trying to twist the truths and realities of The Native Way and Spiritual Beliefs.

In case you're wondering why I keep making references to "The Native Way", I mean to imply that "we are born into this way."

I mean to imply, as an uncle of great wisdom, a highly respected Thlingit Elder, once told me; "that there are no dues or fees to pay for a Native to belong to any group, organization, tribe, band or clan. We are born into it. These facts cannot be denied," he said. Yet many of us do deny many aspects of The Native Way, and especially "The Traditional modes of expression, practice of Our Spiritual Beliefs."

To contradict an earlier statement of "being entitled to our own opinions and interpretations," I must exclude "The Native Way" from the latter. For it is incumbent upon us to pass onto succeeding generations all those things that are passed onto us by our Grandfathers and Elders, Medicine Men and Spiritual Leaders — in the self same manner that these things were passed unto us — without changes, reinterpretations, or misinterpretations.

One of the "first failings" in this regard is our blind and complete acceptance of an alien form of

government under a constitution and by-laws (IRA, 1934) to replace our traditional council by consensus. It is no wonder so many of us become so lost, so confused, wondering what has happened to Native Nation unity and social fabric of our respective communities. Not so hard to see through when one stops to realize that much of the fault lies in our denial, or acceptance of something other than one of the "most basic principles" that once held us together, in unity and the social cohesion of a governing council of consensus of opinion. Indeed! the true form of democracy of Native People.

Here it is, as stated above, that becomes the beginning of the end, by parting of the ways through political differences, ideological reinterpretations and departure from The (true) Native Way.

Sadly then it becomes my painful duty, if only as an interested bystander, organizer-activist call it anything you will, but pompous or judgemental; to write about Native brothers within the federal reservation systems, inside and outside who use every excuse in the book to justify or rationalize their denials of the Native Way in favor of the greed and oppression encompassed in the non-native Way. May Our Great Spirit-Creator-Grandfather guide, guard and comfort them when the dawn of realization stuns them with the truths they've denied so long.

Unfortunately, this accusation of mine includes, not only those who are lost due to circumstances beyond their control but also a surprisingly large number of reservation-born and bred skins, so-called traditionals. Yes, the same ones who scream, spit fire and hatred, lies and prejudices to and about the non-reservation born, urban, disenfranchised, ex-communicated Native brothers all over the Western Hemisphere, of virtually every native nation.

All of this chastisement of my own Native People can amount to a word known as "snitching" on the federal reserves we are located on or in. Places where "unity" should be the watchword for all seasons. It is not. As words go: the former is, the latter isn't. So whether the majority — by consensus of course — agrees with me or not, there will still be hell for me to pay regarding this "one man's opinion." So be it! Aho!

J Brownbear Mallot #40736
POB 1000
Milan, MI 48160



If Not Us, Who?

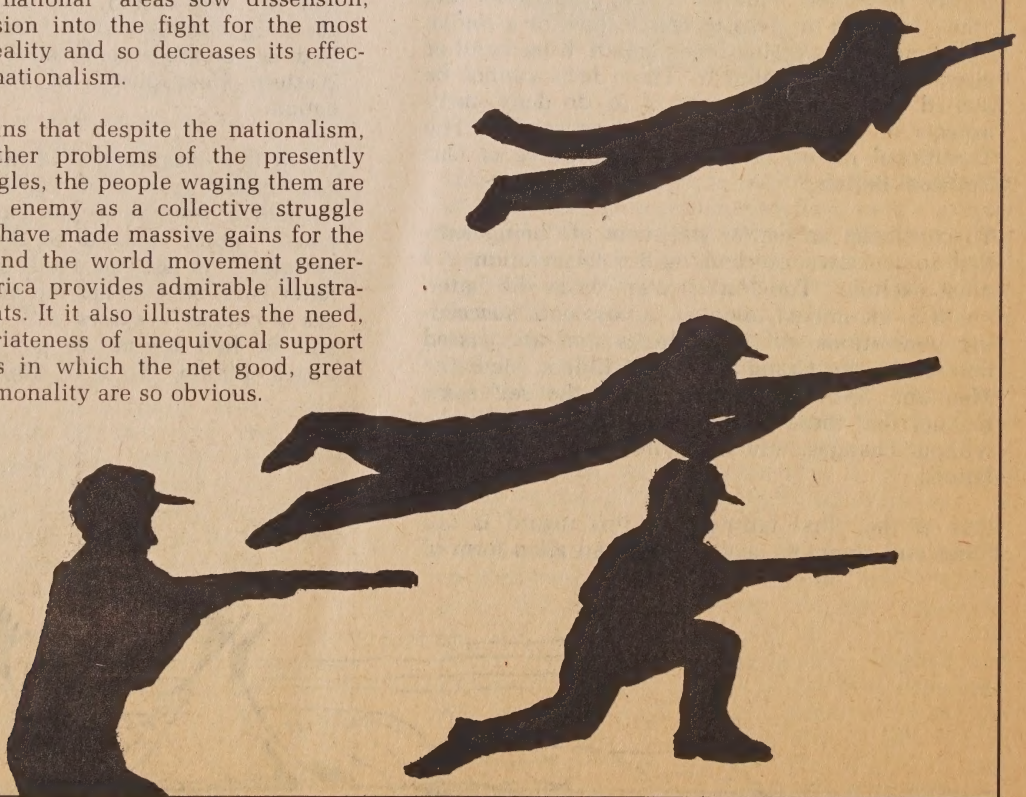
Building a successfully continuing revolutionary process that is not international in scope and character is a virtual impossibility. Internationalism must be actively pursued by all who call themselves progressive as it is not something that will just happen. Its necessity is apparent in the commonality of people struggling for life and freedom wherever they may be and whatever the intensity and means of their resistance to exploitation, oppression and death. It is also obvious in the enemy shared by all such people. The enemy, the international bourgeoisie, has long recognised the value of internationalism — multinational conglomerates, for instance, are not limited to place of origin nor are they bounded by artificial lines around them — and use it in furtherance of its own objectives while working to deprive we, the people, of the knowledge, strength and power inherent in internationalism.

Divide and rule is an ancient statute of exploiters and oppressors. By trying to break the movement for a world revolution into isolated “national” struggles and other elements of purportedly diverse character and against supposedly different enemies. The current exploiters and oppressors abide by that statute. The artificially limited and disorganised material, theoretical and popular resources and the necessities imposed by the varying conditions they, the power elite, inflict on people in different “national” areas sow dissension, distrust and division into the fight for the most equitable social reality and so decreases its effectiveness and internationalism.

But the fact remains that despite the nationalism, separation and other problems of the presently most intense struggles, the people waging them are fighting the same enemy as a collective struggle and most of them have made massive gains for the people involved and the world movement generally. Central America provides admirable illustrations of these points. It also illustrates the need, value and appropriateness of unequivocal support for these struggles in which the net good, great potential and commonality are so obvious.

This does not mean that progressive people should withhold their criticism of what is counterproductive, apparently repressive, ineffective or otherwise wrong. Principle demands that we address such problems and express the commitment the support of our knowledge and analysis. Such criticism should — indeed must — be kept in perspective however and rendered only in light and after consideration of the positive accomplishments of the struggle in question.

If the balance is overwhelmingly positive as is the case of Nicaragua and the free zones in El Salvador, for example, support is clearly warranted and should not be withheld over situations that are better viewed as areas requiring mutual work rather than preventing the display of active solidarity. Doing otherwise is to the advantage of our collective enemy and might contribute to its (temporary) victory — which means the defeat of what gains the movement has brought the people, both in Central America and elsewhere.



Further, we must look at the progress made in the face of crushing odds and the consistency and commitment of the people organising and implementing it. The people live, fight, and die resisting exploitation and oppression so, though we in North America may only relate to it as an abstraction, we should have some trust that they are not all opportunists or dupes. That trust should be shown by a willingness to work with Nicaraguans, Salvadoreans and others to defeat the forces of reaction and imperialism.

These people are being hardpressed by these forces which distort the social forms the people are forced by conditions to accept or which inhibit the struggle against these circumstances. By refusing such trust and rejecting Latin American struggles and limiting our support for them because they do not presently live up to our theoretical ideals, we drive them deeper into isolation and nationalism. We ignore a great opportunity to internationalize and contribute to the struggle. And tacitly — if not actively by paying our taxes and upholding the system with our labor — we support their oppression.

That our aid and assistance to the people of Latin America, and Nicaragua and El Salvador in particular, is undeniably appropriate is demonstrated in reality as well as abstractly. In the course of taking up arms against the power elite and its local minions, to say "No more!" to exploitation and oppression in the only language to which that enemy will ultimately pay heed, much has been accomplished even aside from military victories.

In Nicaragua, for instance, the large majority has moved from illiteracy to literacy in four and a half years. Is this not a powerful tool of revolution? Starvation and hunger have been virtually banished and the quality of the average diet has markedly improved. At least rudimentary medical care has been made available to everyone and is improving rapidly despite the poverty of the country and enemy action. Housing has been improved and made more available. Greater control of their lives has been put in people's hands both in work places and in the streets.

The people have been armed to the extent that no one can realistically contend that arms are the province of an elite minority or that the Sandinistas are secure from the wrath of the people if they should stall the progress of the revolution.

The people's support for the FSLN and the direction in which they are moving with it is undeniably broad and deep, as is the progressive character of what has been done in the brief span of the people's liberation from Somoza, Debayle and Co. All of this has been done in the face of continuing armed attacks on four fronts, not to mention other kinds of attacks, threats and coercion.



As seen from this cell, the Nicaraguan revolution would be worth fighting for even if it **was** only these things. But its future holds much greater promise. Indications from the free zones in El Salvador are that the case is similar there. Refugees are even fleeing **to** the places under guerrilla control. Though the specifics, conditions, theory and other factors vary some, similar benefits also accrued to the people under the Cuban and Grenadian revolutions.

Without a doubt, things are not perfect in the Latin American revolutionary movements as even their leaders will readily admit. But where is perfection? The nationalism is something that is at least as much imposed as chosen. Witness Reagan and crew's fulminations about the "exporting" of revolution (aka the concrete physical expression of international solidarity which we North Americans appear too comfortable to imitate.) This internationalism offers Reagan possibilities of an excuse for the invasion of Nicaragua.

True, many Miskitos were relocated without choice and otherwise officially interfered with. Some were imprisoned. But an AIM investigation revealed that though there were problems in Sandinista-Indian relations, they were the product of ignorance and lack of resources rather than malice and reaction. Even FSLN leaders acknowledge the problems and are working to correct them. Sure opposition leaders are occasionally jailed, but they are rarely held for long or in mass numbers. Nor are they tortured and murdered — things that Americans and other rightists would massively publicize on the flimsiest of evidence. For example, the play given reactionary Steadman Fagoth's attempt to circulate a photograph of Red Cross workers burning the bodies of disease victims during Somoza's reign as a Sandinista atrocity.

Considering the reactionary character of some working elements, the sacrifices the whole country is making and the degree to which already minimal resources are being taxed in an area at war, the motivation is understandable if not excusable. Certainly there is censorship on the telling of lies and distortions and misleading stories — admittedly a subjective determination — not to mention support for criminal acts. But if the intention was unprincipled, there would be no opposition to censor. How else could the problem be dealt with in light of the absence of resources available to the people of Nicaragua and the might of the opposing forces. The other Latin American revolutions are plagued with similar problems. This is a fact which it is a disservice to deny but which must be considered in the context of reality.

All of this is not to rationalize away the existence of inappropriate actions or to discount the impediment of such actions to the realization of the full potential of revolutionary struggle. We must not deny the repressive nature of such actions nor try to justify them. It is just to point out that they are not motivated by evil intent but are the product — if not necessarily the best response to — external

pressure and the effects of long exploitation and oppression.

This oppression has resulted in not only physical poverty, but a poverty of knowledge, experience, and analytical capability without the educational and informational resources and breathing space with which to correct the oppression as well. It also shows the need for support and assistance in that regard. This support cannot be rendered through cynical criticism and rejection from afar but must be accorded constructively in conjunction with solidarity and further involvement. It is only by and to the extent of such involvement that we can help eliminate the wrong turnings of the Latin American (and other) revolutions which, after all, are, or should be, parts of our own.

There is another indication of interdependence which shows the unavoidable necessity of internationalism and that it is in our North American material as well as abstract interests to push it as speedily toward concrete reality. Statistics vary but nevertheless indicate that about a fifth of the U.S. economy is derived from Latin America. What will happen ten, twenty, thirty years down the road when our comrades have hammered a United Revolutionary Latin America out of the empire? Even if the weakened imperialist armies can make up by plundering elsewhere some of what the Latin American revolutionaries take back, it is not hard to envision the decline resulting in a 25 per cent unemployment rate when the loss is added to and aggravates the burden imposed on the people by the accelerating cycle of chronic capitalist crises. Then **we**, the comparatively comfortable and secure, will be in the position relative to "our" bourgeoisie that the people in, say, El Salvador, are currently in with respect to theirs.

We will be the victims of increased deprivation as the power elite seeks to continue its "growth" at our expense and there will be more brutal repression as we protest the changes. The savagery and viciousness of that repression will also leap exponentially as our utility to the oppressor diminishes and we become surplus — "useless eaters" — in its eyes and a greater threat for which it can't afford niceties.

What will be the response of the Latin American revolutionaries as death squads run across our area and we are tortured and murdered as we try to organise what we should be organising now? Will they print us a leaflet and carry signs in front of embassies? Though they will not be supporting our oppressors with their labor and tax money and refusal to act, will they be able to justify putting much of their still limited resources to material or even personal aid for us? Or will it be too much to transcend the memories of the devastation and privation and suffering and brutality and poverty and death they endured? They will remember their friends and children crushed under while we basked in our relatively fortunate proximity to the imperialists. They will remember that we refused to have confidence in their principles and com-

mittment and that we limited our support as we niggled over theoretical abstractions. Are we refraining from joining with other struggles toward forging the best possible international revolution, setting up the conditions for internationalism to receive another blow when it is our turn to feel the oppressor's stick? we are surely helping the enemy abide by its divisive statute and, hence, making the struggle longer and more destructive — if we don't set it up to be killed.

Communication, of which constructive criticism is an essential part, is the most valuable tool people on our side of the barricade have as it is the thing out of which all other actions grow. But it cannot be effectively used in isolation or when divorced from practice. Theory, criticism, suggestions, comments, denigrations, etc. etc., all ring hollow to the extent they are contradicted by practice. Conversely, they are strengthened to the extent that theory and practice, thought and action, are welded into praxis in furtherance of the struggle. I see plenty of North Americans denigrating and withholding support from Latin Americans for things done more often and much worse by the government whose laws we too scrupulously observe and which we finance with our taxes and whose owners we support as consumers and marginally or disorganized workers.

In order to counter this dichotomy visible between word and deed, we must lay down concrete and unequivocal practice. In that way we can not only maintain and build our credibility but also contribute to keeping the movement on the most progressive course. Of course, even our resources are limited and we must analytically dedicate their use. But in making the analysis we have to include principle and commitment and value their role in working against the problems we all face.

To analyse the accomplishments of the progressive forces in Latin America — in El Salvador and Nicaragua in particular — for their net positive character can only lead to the conclusion that support on all levels is warranted now. That will not only further the local struggles, it will validate and lend credibility to the criticisms and suggestions, principle, solidarity and support oblige us to make. They also further the international struggle and the struggle for internationalism.

If not now, when? If not you, who?

Bill Dunne #10916-086
POB 1000
Lewisburg, PA 17837



Kent Mangles Medicine

Warden Stonoski: I received a list curtailing the items I am permitted to have from my Medicine Bundle. I refused to accept the listed items for the following reasons:

(1) The medicines of my Bundle were desecrated to such an extent they appeared to have been put through a blender of some sort. Desceraction was so complete that in the list compiled by your office, my medicines were referred to as "miscellaneous plant-like debris".

(2) The person appointed by your office to determine which articles of my medicine bundle were of religious significance, is in no way an authority on such matters. A fact you're well aware of! As a result important items such as "print" (used for tobacco ties), were removed from my bundle and denied to me. The **very** cloth "which I wrap and enfold my medicines in" was denied to me.

(3) To make desecration of my religion complete, was the insulting manner in which you had arranged to have my medicines returned to me. One of your preventive security staff stood outside my door and **laughed** as he passed the contents of my medicines through in a "brown paper envelope". He then attempted to have me "sign a receipt", saying I had received my religious items! I refused to desecrate my religion by having to **sign** for it!

Warden Stonoski: Since being placed in the dungeons of **your** segregation unit following an escape from **your** penitentiary (October 13th), I have made several attempts to have my medicine bundle returned to me. I had this matter brought to your attention through written requests, through the prison chaplancy, through legal advisors and finally by direct verbal requests.

At first I was told that "preventive security" (of **your** penitentiary) was holding my bundle as evidence to be used at my trial for the escape. I explained the absurdity of this, since the R.C.M.P. — who had arrested me, had returned these same items to me! And since when did the penitentiary become a holding-vault for evidence related to "outside" court cases. (A vault for prisoners — yes, but not for evidence related to criminal offenses!)

It wasn't until I had legal services confirm with the R.C.M.P. that my medicine bundle was never intended to be used as evidence at my trial, that you discarded that "excuse" for withholding my bundle. To which, (and in **your** presence) your head security henchmen said directly to me, "it was all a mistake!" It took you six weeks to find out it was a "mistake" when all you had to do was make a phone call to confirm that my medicine bundle wasn't being used as evidence. But of course, you already knew that!



Then you switched to another strategy to further withhold my medicine bundle from me. You said that my bundle would be rummaged through by someone of **your** designation, who would in turn list the items and determine those having religious significance, which would be returned to me. I had requested that if this were done, that it be done by a pipe carrier or a person of recognised religious stature from the surrounding native communities. However, you took it upon yourself to appoint Mr. Lavallee to perform the task.

Mr. Lavallee, through the "Allied Indian and Metis Society (AIMS) is under contract to the penitentiary services of this region to perform the duties of a liason "officer" for the native brotherhoods within the prisons. Somehow it seems that you've interpreted his position to be one of authority when it comes to Native traditions (including the sacred.) Well let me assure you Warden Stonoski a true native religionist would never work for a system that imprisons his people, least of all a system that desecrates his religion.

I believe an outward display of your disregard and contempt for native religion could be interpreted in the manner in which you had these "approved" articles returned to me. In a brown paper envelope, by someone who wouldn't give his name, only that he was "acting" **espo** for preventive security. I would have thought that since this is a "religious

matter" that it would "at least" been given the dignity of having been dealt with through the prison chaplancy.

Warden Stonoski, when has a "christian" ever been required to sign for his bible or any other items relating to his religion? Never!! Well I don't ever intend to have to sign for mine either. I didn't have to sign for it when it was given to me from the Creator — I won't sign for it now.

Over the past 12 years, Warden Stonoski, I have spent 8 months of it on the street. Considering I began this sentence with a meager 15 months and am now serving "life" with a minimum of 25 years before being eligible for parole, I must say that your rehabilitative system leaves alot to be desired! (To say the least.) I have spent time in several maximum security penitentiaries including two stints in the notorious "special handling unit". I have always resisted your system of reform as I view it as a system of "dehumanization". Your denial of my religious rights this day, is a good example of that.

However, I am still here and my spirit of resistance is just as strong as it has always been. It is the spirit of a people who have been struggling to remain free and exist as natural human beings; it is the spirit of survival which has gone on for centuries and which the dust of our mother earth is within the hearts of all the natural peoples of this land. Not you, warden Stonoski, nor your whole system of oppression will ever diminish this spirit!

I will not **beg** you for my religion — it is my **right**. I will not **sign** for my religion — it is not for **sale**. I will live and die in Total Resistance to your oppressive system.

Heka Ho, it is a good day to die.

POW #6346 Willi Blake
POB 2000
Agassiz, BC

Resist, Organize, Survive

Columbus wrote:

So peaceful are these people. They love their neighbour as themselves, and their discourse is ever sweet and gentle and accompanied with a smile. And though they are naked, yet their manners are decorous and praiseworthy. There is not in the world a better nation.

Grandfather:

I pray for the people. Give us wisdom to overcome past mistakes. Courage to face this day and love for all our relations. Grandfather: I feel radiant and honored as I watch our mother glow as you cradle her in a warm blanket.

Great Father spirit:

You are a mighty tree, we are the branches. Under your watchful eyes, we the people unite. As one voice, we will centre our spirits on you, and no man can break the bond of unity that you weave around us:

The Red children of Mother Earth are a strong, courageous, truth seeking nation. We value traditions. We view the falling rain as the silent tear drops of our mother. As she endures endless torture, as her flesh is mutilated, will we stand quietly by and watch her die?

Brothers, Sisters, pray in the traditional manner. Give honor to those who have died for our freedom. Let their dreams become our reality. Learn the long neglected customs. Reclaim your heritage. We will resist, organize and survive.



Instilled in us is the horrible stench of death and the agonizing screams of the women and children. We remember the old ones who died horrible deaths by the hands of the soldiers waving bayoneted rifles. The people ran in all directions trying to escape the merciless soldiers. The bodies of the mothers were mutilated as the children looked on in horror. Then the old ones watched as the skulls of the children were crushed. Then their bodies were riddled with bullets. The soldiers laughed and danced. The blood covered snow sloshed upon



their boots. When all the screams were muffled by death, the village was burned. The words of the soldiers echo across my past, my present and my future: "Kill all them red bastards..Anything that looks or smells like an injun, kill it."

We shall not be as timid sheep, walking to slaughter. We have been badly wounded. We are weak, but not defeated. If we do not stand for the cause, we should sing our death song. For we will vanish as the snow before the summer sun.

Let us join hands and deny the voices of the Greeds. We are a small nation but united we are mighty. Rise up and speak out my brother, my sister, when you are hurt. I will let the tears fall from my eyes. When I am happy, you rejoice. When you take up your weapons, I will be your shadow.

If we cower and stand weak, we have no right to claim our ancestry. One day my eyes beheld a sister. I walked to her, and as my eyes searched hers, she walked away. Her manner of dress showed who she wanted to be. But her eyes said who she was. Do not be as the hypocritically minded fundamentalist. Do not make mental notes for tomorrow's actions. Take action today.

Bring the distant sounds of the drums to your ears. See the people dance and laugh. Smell the aroma of the slow cooking bison. In your vision you will feel sister wind gently hover above you bringing you back to reality. Reality of death, hate envy. Pray for insight, pray trusting, never lose the

memories of the past. But do not confuse them with the issues of the present.

Resist conversion and civilizing techniques. Rise up in revenge. The key to victory is participation. We are scattered to all parts of the earth. Let us unite and be reflections of those gone on.

Grandfather, invoke in us the spirit of Crazy Horse. An unyielding opposition to intrusion by white men who seek to impose their ways on us.

The Great Father felt we were deserving and gave us land. We might become responsible healers of our mother and reclaim the right to live upon our land. Let us walk in the footsteps of those who walk the wind.

Let us be wise enough to live-with-in our cultural beliefs without denial of the beliefs of others. Let each race be honored as deserving.

The magnet that pulls you to search and hope is the essence of your true being. You are being called forth, walk in honor giving credit to our forefathers. Give honor, Love, life, whatever is required. Arm in arm, heart to heart, we fight side by side in the struggle.

In spirit and struggle
Doris Raven Darkwing Foster #903446
POB 535
Jessup, MD 20794

Jail House Shuttle

Greetings people!

First of all i would like to express myself to you, give you somewhat of a personal evaluation of Gary Butler. The people say i have the right to be called a Warrior of the People because of my life commitment to the Indigenous Peoples of this land, to a way of life our People were intended to live. Our way of life represents a lifetime of learning, of passing on the teachings to those who have not been as fortunate as some and do not know anything of the teachings but are starving to learn their identity to Earth and Sky. To be recognised as a Warrior is the greatest honor i could receive. It represents to me Love for life and my People as well as respect, honor and sacrifice. I do not write many statements because to write is not my way. I am not well educated in the way of the "machine being" where i can use big words to impress or manipulate people. I do not share my words this day to gain anything other than human compassion and understanding as to the Spiritual Persecution that is still being waged against the Aboriginal Peoples of this land. I am a human being no greater than my brothers and sisters.

The liberation struggle as i know it to be is for the People, to educate the People wherever we go. I am in a prison cell, a POW in my own homeland. I have been imprisoned for three years now and the struggle goes on for the Sacred Sweatlodge and Sacred Pipe which is our birthright, our connection to the Creator and to Grandmother Earth. In six months time i have been kidnapped from Kent, BC, Edmonton, Alberta, Millhaven, Ont. to Laval, Quebec because of the work i do within the Brotherhoods in a Spiritual way — in a good way.

The machine labels me extremely dangerous, accuses me of being militant, radical as well as some kind of terrorist. Yet for three years i have been subjected to countless attacks of Spiritual, Political and Human Rights violations. We know who the extremely dangerous are. I have done nothing in these prisons to justify these accusations. I've been convicted of nothing in their courts to justify these accusations. The government is determined to destroy my credibility by these countless and unjustified attacks on me. They try to make me out to be this extremely dangerous person they have always claimed me to be, because in their seeing me and in their records they see that my Spirit cannot be broken by attacks upon my body.

The Machine Being fears what it cannot defeat, whether it be by psychological brutality or brain washing techniques. On Oct. 6, '83, i along with three others were kidnapped from Millhaven Super Max, "Canada's Marion," on accusations that we were planning an escape with the use of explosives and/or weapons. We are now in Segregation await-

ing a decision from regional and national boards, on whether we are to be placed in a Special Handling Unit. (On Dec. 8, '83, it was decided not to send Gary and the others into the SHU.)

To our knowledge there was nothing found in the prison or on our person to substantiate these accusations. None of us are disciplinary problems but we are Political problems, Human Rights problems it seems. I always knew the plan was to seclude me from any prison population but this is outrageous. I do not deny that i have escaped from prison. As a prisoner of war, it is my duty to try and gain my freedom but never has there been any violence involved. It is not my way. It is their way.

After all, who sits in those gun towers just waiting for a chance to kill unarmed men or women. The Special Handling Unit, they say, is designed to rehabilitate, but to me, in my experiences within the belly of the beast, it is torture, liquid shock treatments, brutality. It is a program designed to break a man's mind so that one day he may be let back into a prison population and be one of the silent ones, be part of prison Society that represents to me the walking, talking dead. I ask the people to become supportive. Ask why this harassment of me is happening. I will not change. It is impossible for me to become someone i could never relate to. I know my Purpose is to continue on with the work wherever i go.

Is it coincidence this kidnapping happens one week after a proposal was submitted for the Sweatlodge and the Pipe? As the days go by, the seriousness grows. I am now in a dangerous situation and ask that the People support me in whatever way they can. The Peoples' Prayers give me Strength to endure all this. It seems, as the attacks on me grow stronger, i grow stronger because the machine creates its evilness that brings out more awareness in people. I can't help but think of Bobby Garcia or Dallas Thundershield as I sit in this cage twenty-three hours a day. But i do not fear my enemies. I've always been taught to respect them. That is difficult for me to do, but i do not hate them. I have much pity for their confused and wandering Spirits and i Pray for their confusion. I ask you to weigh my words, People and understand their purpose. I send my Love and Prayers in Solidarity with all Life.

I Pray for the People
Gary Butler
Box 2209
Edmonton, Alberta



FREE OMORI

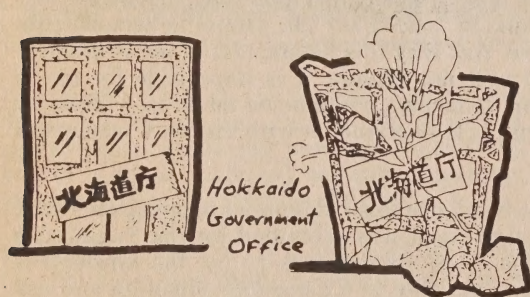
✖ I've just been on me holidays. Went to Ainumorshiri, you know.

⌘ Oh! Somewhere foreign, eh? That sounds nice.

✖ Mm, well, sort of foreign. Sometimes it's called Hokkaido. We went to hear the district court verdict on that guy Omori. Know him?

⌘ Do I? He's the one who got the death sentence for bombing the Hokkaido Govt. Office, isn't he? Terrible business. I mean, the papers said two people got killed.

✖ Mm, anyway, let's go and have a cup of tea. Omori's really nice, you know, and so full of life. You wouldn't think he's been in prison for seven years for something he didn't even do. I mean, it's so obvious he didn't do it, even the wardens were saying so, let alone the papers. All they have is some bloke who "noticed" Omori the night of the bombing.



⌘ But they must have had some sort of proof or something, didn't they?

✖ Tell me, does your house have a fire extinguisher?

⌘ Eh? Er, well, no...but I mean...

✖ There, you see, that proves it! If you haven't got one it means you must have used it to make a bomb! Do you take sugar in coffee? Does your radio use batteries?

⌘ Oh, come on, fire extinguishers, sugar, batteries, what's all that got to do with making a bomb?

✖ That's what Omori said, and look at him! He got a death sentence for having sugar and batteries and no fire extinguisher!

⌘ That's impossible...It's like saying, "lack of evidence proves guilt"!

✖ Crazy eh? Now here's the rest of their "proof". On the proclamation issued after the bombing there's a little handwritten mark. Now just because no expert actually said Omori couldn't have written it, the judge reckoned that that proved he did!

⌘ What sort of a court is that? Sounds like they just wanted to kill him. Isn't the benefit of the doubt supposed to favour the defendant, or however it goes?

✖ Yes, but the law also says the judge can interpret the evidence (or lack of it) any way he likes. His subjective impression can even take the place of evidence...

⌘ You mean he can sentence someone to death just because he doesn't like their face?

✖ Exactly. And you know, after he'd read out the death rap the chief judge turned round to the other two judges with this huge leer on his face!

⌘ Why did they hate him so much, I mean if he really didn't do the bombing? I mean, even **they** seem to know he didn't...

✖ Mm, well, first he refused to reply to all the interrogators' questions. They didn't like that. They couldn't even force him to make a false confession, like they usually do.

⌘ But...the law says you don't have to answer questions!

✖ Oh yeah. So they said that if he didn't say anything, that proved he did it too, because he didn't want to admit it. Then also, Omori said in court that, even though he didn't do the bombing, he supported it, because it was right on, the Govt. Office being bombed, I mean. Then he tried to punch the judge...

⌘ But, I mean, you still can't get the death sentence just for that! It sounds like that, what was it, that High Treason Case of 1911 when Kotoku Shusui and those other anarchists were hung just for being anarchists...

✖ Amazing, isn't it? They're still giving people death sentences for thinking wrong...

⌘ Still...Well I mean he supported it didn't he? Even though people got killed. I'm afraid that, well, bombs...

✖ No, I know, but listen. Look at America. All that crap about the "New World" and everything.

America was built on the bodies of dead Indians, just because they weren't white!

Σ What's that got to do with...

✖ Japan's done exactly the same thing to the Ainu in Hokkaido, didn't you know? I mean, the Japanese, people like us did, you know. So, like, for the Ainu the Hokkaido Govt. Office is just like the White House is for the Indians, or like the Governor-General's Office was for the Koreans when Korea was a Japanese colony. Hokkaido's still a Japanese colony today. Even the word "Hokkaido" is a Japanese one. The Ainu call it Ainumoshiri, meaning "a place to live", because the word Ainu just means "people". I mean, they don't have words like "nation" and "country". They just *lived* there. Then the Japanese marched in after the Meiji Restoration in 1868, classed them as "natives", took everything they had, used the men as slave-labour, raped the women, and tried to kill them all off by interbreeding, making them fight in wars and so on. Now the Ainu say the Japanese should go back where they came from and stop acting like conquerors.

Σ Phew! If you look at it that way I suppose it's not surprising the Hokkaido Govt. Office got a bomb thrown at it — not that I'd do it myself, of course! But...there can't be many pure-blood Ainu left, can there?

✖ That's not the point, silly! How many "pure-blood" Japanese are there? You just have to love the Ainumoshiri and what it stands for! Omori, like, he's not an Ainu he's a Shamo — that's what the Ainu call us Japanese — and he couldn't forget all the Ainu who were killed so the Shamo could settle Hokkaido. That's why he supported the bombing, because he understood how the Ainu feel. That's what pissed the judges off more than anything else. He says that to be a revolutionary you have to be anti-Japanese. Japanese people always think they're different from other people, and better, so you get things like wartime atrocities, ruthless imperialism. It's still continuing today, economically anyway, in Southeast Asia. So Omori wasn't really on trial for the bombing at all, but for his thinking. Just because he didn't want to be Japanese...

Σ He was sort of a **Traitor** you mean, supporting the Ainu against Japan?

✖ Now you're catching on! But the thing is we've got to move fast or Omori's going to be hung. He doesn't have much support in Japan, partly because Hokkaido's so isolated, partly because of the bombing charge even though he didn't do it, but mostly because thinking about Ainu repression means you have to think about being a Japanese



too. It touches a raw nerve, especially for Japanese living in Hokkaido.

Σ Well, how about asking non-Japanese to help? I mean, if they could hold protest meetings, send letters to the Japanese Embassy in their country, contact MP's with Japan connections, etc, the govt. would get a terrible fright because it hates bad publicity, and it hates being criticized by foreigners, especially foreign govts. What do you think?

✖ Great idea! The govt. doesn't have a leg to stand on in this case — I mean, someone about to be hung for something they didn't do — in a democratic country! It will squirm! I tell you what, we organized a big support campaign here in 1978 for Noel and Marie Murray, the Irish anarchists on a death rap like Omori just for being anarchists. The Irish govt. commuted their sentences soon after, so it really does work...

Σ What are we waiting for?! Let's go home and make up an English leaflet now, with lots of cartoons — I mean, the Omori case is so unbelievably trumped up that it's like a cartoon anyway. Only, it's kind of hard to laugh

Some of the ways you can help — reprint this leaflet to give it wide publicity; write to the Embassy or Consulate in your country to protest; send support letters to Omori via this address — c/o Akiyoshi Ito, Sakae So 203, Iwakura-Agura, Sakyo, Kyoto, Japan; Write graffiti on JAL aeroplanes; boycott the Bank of Tokyo; etc...

Move Over America

On a Move, I am writing to you about the persecution that's been put on the Move Organization, here in the United States. The Move organization has been persecuted for 17 years for our religion by this government. We have had 6 babies killed by the vicious brutal cops in the city of Philadelphia. Our men's heads have been busted open, women beat into miscarriages. And on August 8th 1978, then mayor Frank L. Rizzo, Gov. Thornburg and Philadelphia district attorney Ed Rendell ordered an attempted massacre on our family The Move Organization. The excuse they used was Move had to be evicted from our home. They had over 600 heavily armed cops with guns, tear gas, deluge guns (fire hoses) Hand grenades, swat teams, snipers, cranes, bulldozers all in a **desperate** attempt to wipe out the Move Organization.

They viciously killed our animals, brutally sadistically shot two of our brothers and beat one Delbert Africa brutally, viciously, repeatedly all over his head and body with rifles, helmets, night sticks, stomped him with boots **after** they shot him in the chest. Delbert had a severe problem with his sinus valve his face was swollen, jaw broken, and his eye almost blinded. Delbert's brutal beating was witnessed on nation wide T.V.

The public became **outraged** and because of Move's influence, demanded that the 3 cops that **viciously brutally** beat Delbert be brought to trial. The 3 cops went to trial in Philadelphia had a jury from another city, Judge Stanley Kubacki who has sat on Move cases previously and is prejudiced against Move **took** the verdict **out** of the jury's hand and **himself** acquitted all 3 cops. His so called reason was they were upset over the death of their fellow officer, but understand, they were **not** even **aware** of their fellow officer's death til **after** they beat Delbert.

When the trial was over one of the cops involved, Charles Geist, said if he had to do it again he would **do** it — meaning shoot and beat an try to kill Move. Charles Geist is now **dead**. His **own** wife, a cop herself, shot him in the face.

Also on Aug. 8th '78 Debbie Africa who was 8 mos. goin on 9 months pregnant was shackled by her feet handcuffed in the back and dragged across the ground. Chuckie Africa was shot in the arm, stomped, and beat in the groin repeatedly, as was **all** Move men who were there Aug. 8th. 6 years later: Debbie Africa, Delbert, Chuckie, Debbies baby **all** Move children and Move members are alive and strong thanks to **John Africa**. We are now in state prisons, we've been here for the past 3 years. Move women are in the state prison at Muncy and we have been persecuted **continuously** since comin to this prison; had our blood taken **forcefully raped** from us while on a 48 day hunger confrontation in '81 by 300 lb. guards who sat on us and held our face down in

the mattress 6 guards to **one** Move woman while the medical staff **raped** us of our life giving blood which was a **blatant** violation of Move's belief. (It is against our belief to have blood taken from our bodies)

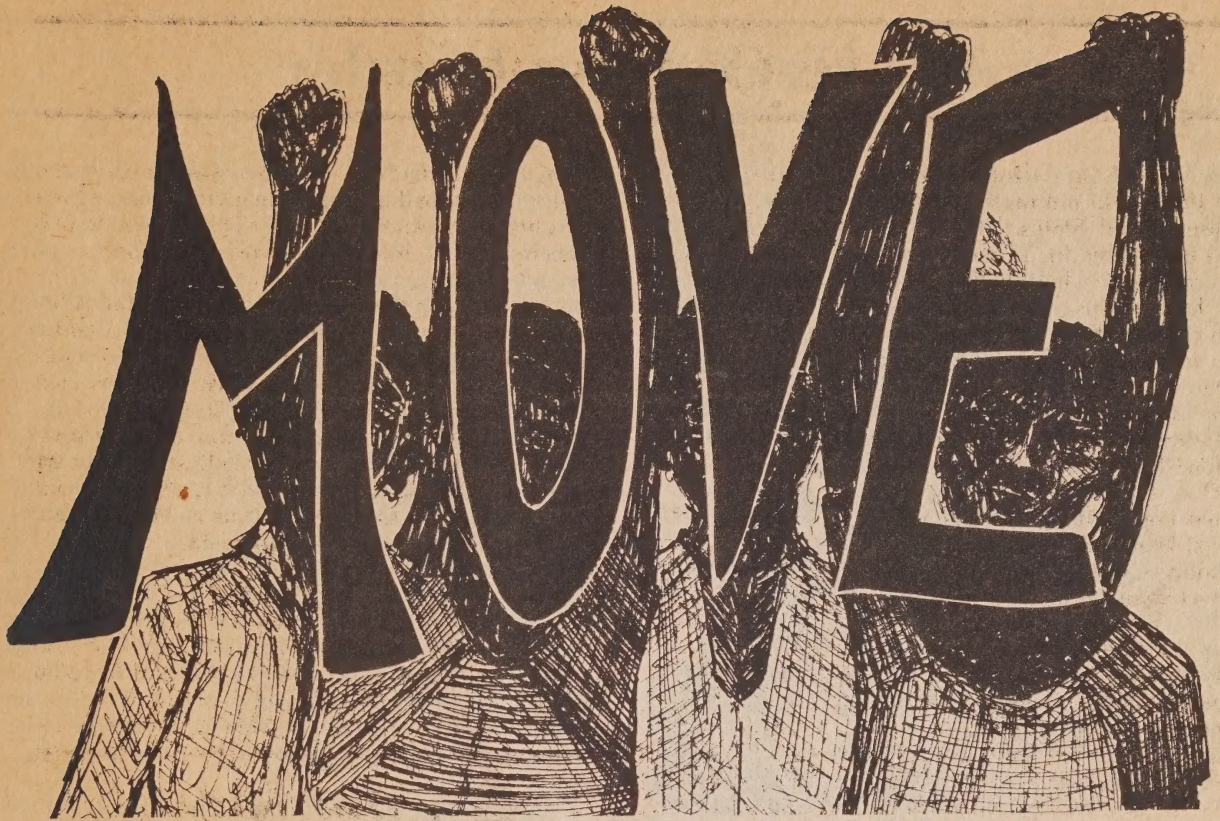
Now 3 years later we are locked up in Clinton solitary confinement and have **been** here for 1 year and 2 months and we are on **another forced** hunger confrontation as of January 23rd, 1984. Move women have been locked in since Dec. of '82 and since Aug. of '83 we have been denied recreation, denied showers and have been locked in our cells **every day 24 hrs. a day**. The following is a brief run down about what's been happenin here with us at Muncy State Prison in Clinton solitary confinement.

Consuewella Africa #6434
POB 180
Muncy, PA 17756

On the Move

This is to bring you up to date on what's happenin with the 7 **Move** women at Muncy State Prison. As you know we've been in Clinton solitary confinement for 1 year and a month now. The last 7 months we've been completely confined to our cells, we **never** come out for **nothin**. No fresh air, no recreation - **nothin**. We've been **forced** to eat a diet of commissary junk food for the last year and a month ever since Janeen Africa was **dangerously poisoned** off a dinner food tray Jan. 7th, 1983. We've **repeatedly** asked for our religious raw food diet which this prison grows and has access to in their own prison warehouses but they **refuse** to give it to us.

As of Jan. 23rd '84 this prison issued a **new** directive stating that **no** commissary food items will be permitted on the floor the 7 **Move** women are on which means the 7 **Move** women will **now** be **forced** by Muncy Prison to eat **nothin**. This prison is attemptin to starve us out the same as mayor Rizzo attempted to starve Move out in March '77 when he put up the crystallized starvation blockade around Move Headquarters for 2 months. The **Move** women at Muncy ain't gonna allow this system to break our commitment to our belief, to family, the principle of life taught to us by **John Africa** that keeps life together, the law that **Move** people are **bound** to and **will never** allow these system people to break in us. So if Muncy wants a bunch of **Dead Move Bodies** on their hands, they gonna **see** the commitment of a **Move Woman**, they gonna **see** how **deep** our belief runs!



This is the very persecution our family, the Move Organization on the streets is demonstratin against **right now** in Philadelphia. At 12:01 a.m. Dec. 25th '83 the Move Organization took the same stand Move took May 20 '77 and Aug. 8th '78 when Philadelphia police commissioner Morton Solomon called Move headquarters beggin Move (quote) Please Don't do this (unquote) and beggin Move to set up talks. Move ain't got **no rap**. This organization been persecuted for 17 years, had 6 of our babies **murdered**, our men and women beaten til the streets ran **red** with Move **blood** by Philadelphia cops. Our people been in Jail 6 years for a crime they did **not** comit. For **nothin**, Move people are **innocent** and this organization ain't takin this persecution **no** longer. We want our people released. That's Move's position and we goin **all** the way with it! The confrontation has been goin on since Dec. 25th '83 and will **continue** til Move people are released from these prisons.

The reason you haven't heard about it is cause the news media in Philadelphia has put a **blackout** on the confrontation because this government don't want people to know about it because this Government, its courts **know** Move people is **innocent**. Didn't kill no cop and that Move is **justified** in the stand the Move organization is takin. Move ain't just **sayin** Move is **innocent**, its **not** words, it's true — How can 9 people be guilty of killin a cop who was killed with 1 bullet out of 1 gun. Explain 9 Move people doin 100 years each for murder, a shootin and have **no** weapons charges. If the courts thought for one **minute** that Move shot that cop and they could prove it, Judge Malmel, the sen-

tencin judge woulda gave Move 1st degree murder instead of the 3rd degree trumped up murder charges he gave us. Judge Edwin Malmel know Move is **innocent**. He even stated **publicly** on the radio that he **didn't** know **who** shot James Ramp.

It's clear Move is innocent. The only reason Move is in Jail is cause this Government don't want Move on the streets for **political** reasons and the government ordered Malmel to keep Move in Jail just like they ordered the news media to put a black out on the confrontation that's goin on now with the Move organization. You know if the government can control the news media, which is a **private** sector, you know the government can exert **more** control over the courts which is **part** of the government. Move members are **political** prisoners. We are **not** guilty of nothin. We're **innocent** and **that's** exactly why Move people are comin out of these prisons. **John Africa** is bringin Move home soon! When Move people come out of these prisons which will be **soon** — It will be **John Africa's** strategy that brings us home **not** this system because if they could have **their** way Move people would rot in these prisons for 100 years for a crime we did **not** comit. **Long live John Africa**, because the Move organization is comin home **soon**!

On The Move
Move Women Disciples of John Africa

In natural law we trust
All praises to the order of life
The power of truth is final,
Long live Move

The Heart Cries Murder

Today my heart is saddened, my warrior's spirit beats loudly in my chest crying out against the murders of my people. Two of our Red brothers, Gus White and Willie Williams, both strong warriors lie in the hospital. Williams was seriously wounded from automatic weapons fire. Joe Owens, a white brother lay dead upon the ground with a hole in the back of his head and his face blown away from the same weapons of death. Anger rages within me and tears cloud my eyes for tonight a mother weeps for her dead, a family loses a father, brother, husband.

Why, I ask myself, is this allowed? The white man throws our young into cages as though they were animals. Man's nature is to be free, not caged in a 6' by 10' cage of steel and concrete. All of our lives the white man, the white system, has plotted and schemed to destroy our way of life, killing all those who resist or placing them in cages within their camps of death.

The spirit of freedom was given to us at the time of our birth, and it will remain with each and every one of us throughout life until our spirits make their journey to the South to be with the old ones.

Today the spirit of freedom raged strongly in the hearts of six brave men. Three of these being strong beautiful Red warrior brothers, and three being white brothers who were just as brave and strong. Today these six brothers made their bid to regain their freedom and were gunned down by the white man. These men were unarmed but to these white killers this made no difference! They opened fire on these brothers with automatic weapons. Their only intention was to kill as some one hundred and thirty two rounds were fired. When the smoke cleared, death filled the air. Owens lay dead. Williams who was also shot lay bleeding seriously wounded and White lay with a fractured skull. The remaining three, Alfred Smith, Morris Johnson and Ronald Sears were recaptured quickly.

A sadistic officer, also by the name of Johnson, caught up in his desire to kill and maim brutally attacked Morris Johnson, beating him unmercifully. Johnson was thrown into a cage and left to suffer from the effects of this beating. Johnson and others continuously asked that a doctor be called for it was feared that Johnson suffered from several broken ribs, and pains in his chest and side.

I ask that you, my brothers and sisters will remember these men in your prayers, especially the brother who lost his life and the two who lay in the hospital seriously wounded. Also remember their families and loved ones, whose hearts are filled with grief this night.

My brothers and sisters! The struggle of the Red people is nothing new. It has been ongoing since the white man came to this land of ours. We have been stripped of our way of life, our land has been stolen from us, our people murdered. In a lot of cases, even our language has been lost. Yesterday the lives of our Forefathers, of Dallas Thunder-shield and Bobby Garcia were taken, today another brother as well. Who will it be tomorrow....you, me, or our loved ones? Will your eyes see these murders for what they are? Will your anger be strong enough that you will stand up and let your cry be heard all across Mother Earth? Or are you one of those who will lay back and let someone else fight the battle for you? What will you do when the white system kills one of your family and loved ones? or worse locks them in a cage like an animal in their camps of death? Will you hang your head in humble submission?....or will you be one who remembers your forefathers with head held high, proud of our people, proud to die in the fight for the whole of the people? Questions only you can answer.

I know this much, the death camps will not go away, the grief will not stop, our lands and way of life will not be returned to us until we as a people stand together and protest, fight in whatever way we can. Not until we feel the pain of those war-



riors who are no longer with us and our voices cry out in anger. Not until you my brothers and sisters, stand up and join those who fight, will any of these things come about. Write to your congressmen, senators, the Director of the Bureau of Prisons, Norman Carlson, and let them hear your angry cries. Join or support those originators who fight for our way of life, for the freedom of all people.

I personally ask that you send letters to Warden Robert J. Christensen here at the U.S. Federal Penitentiary at Lompoc, CA. 93436. (The shootings happened last Oct.) Let him hear your anger at the murders of our brothers. Find out why our Medicine Man, Archie Fire Lamedeer, is no longer allowed to come into this institution? Why our spiritual and religious rights are being denied? Why they continue to deny the spirituality of our sacred drum? why we can not use our drum, sing or dance when we wish to? They say it is a privilege that they give to us and it can be taken from us whenever they wish to, which is often.

Don Richardson #01523-164
3901 Klein Blvd.
Lompoc, CA 93436



POWs Are Nothing New

The Kiowa chief Satanta once warned Sherman, "arresting Indians is played out and is never to be repeated." He was right because tho' arrests are a means for the system to criminalize (stigmatize) the Native movement, arrests and imprisonments haven't always ensured a colonialist victory.

Cacamatzin, the Indian lord of the city state of Texcoco in the valley of Mexico, was perhaps the first identifiable Native American POW to suffer imprisonment in colonial captivity. That was because this nephew of Montezuma was the first man to oppose Cortes' neocolonial rule in the Valley by forming an underground anti-Spanish league in 1519. Not more than 25 years old, Cacama was greatly respected by his people for his 'high personal qualities, especially his intrepidity of character,' as Prescott records. Cortes used treachery to capture Cacama and put him in chains, but that didn't prevent the eruption of Aztec resistance which drove the conquistadores out of Tenochtitlan.

In those days of the invasion of Turtle Island, when the tribes were still free and powerful and armed, the Europeans almost always had to use treachery in order to take prisoners. Montezuma, Atahualpa, Caupolican, Satank, Geronimo, Crazy

Horse were among so many others to experience that treachery. Indians made bad captives. Either they broke out, like Cochise, through the ring of soldier guards, or else they pined away inside and died quickly like untamed animal relatives. Osceola and Joseph died of broken hearts, Satank and Grey Beard broke out of chains to face death rather than submit, Satanta committed suicide. The Ute Matagoras went mad after two years in the iron house and after his release had to be killed by his own people to prevent him from harming anybody in his deranged state. The captive state was itself thought by those old bronco indios as not only inhuman but dishonourable. After Caupolican was betrayed by the Spanish, his wife told him: "You are no longer my husband. You have let yourself be captured alive."

After his torture and execution, however, the One Eyed became a legend among his own people, and the Mapuche sang: "A man he was, a man he was./Our first chief./Great Caupolican, great Caupolican/Was he named, O my friends./By his death, his death,/Only then did we know what a man was Caupolican."

Amerindians were imprisoned either to halt the resistance, like Osceola, or else just to satisfy the



establishment's vengeance, like Barncho and Slolox of the Modoc who were sentenced for life to Alcatraz because they had been in the Modoc resistance. As colonialism settled down to stay indefinitely across Turtle Island, Native peoples adjusted and survived even in captivity, their leaders unbroken by prison. Cherokee storyteller Forrest Carter depicts Geronimo emerging from the hole in San Carlos, naked feet on burning desert sand, ankle bones exposed by the gnawing, bleeding leg irons, excreta caked on his pants, a rope around his neck pulling him after a cavalryman. But his eyes he keeps on the ground, lest the soldiers see their unquenchable brightness and guess that the very next day he will break out with his band for his historic run to the lifegiving Sierra Madres.

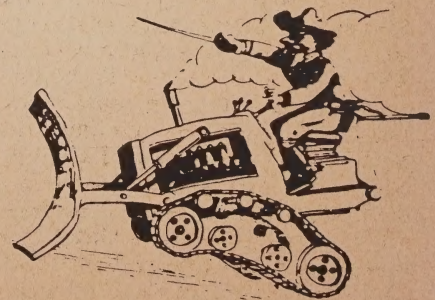
For the first time in 492 years a planetwide cry and struggle for justice and liberation for Native American prisoners have been raised in the case of the AIM Indians — Peltier and his generation in the stalags of America. Like the superstalag of Marion today, in the last century they also had a prison for the 'worst' Indians of the west — and that too was called Marion. Fort Marion, a damp, mosquito-ridden 17th century Spanish dungeon in St. Augustine, Florida. In early 1875, the U.S. government introduced a new tactic of defeating Plains Indian struggles by imprisoning the most irreconcilable warriors and chiefs at Marion. The selected men began their journey to the east chained to wagons, to be confined later within the belly of the iron house. Among the fighters jammed into malarial Marion were Lone Wolf, White Horse and Mamanti the Skywalker of the Kiowa, Comanche POWs, Cheyenne and Arapaho,

possibly the Warm Spring Apache and Chiricahua, and finally Geronimo and his band. The Kiowa and Comanche were kept in chains in the case-mements; later about 800 Apache lived crowded in tents on the tops of the walls. From the parapet the blanketed tribespeople could see, for the first time in their lives, the Atlantic Ocean, with lighthouses and ships in the distance.

In those days the Army used to have blacksmiths with burning forges hammer or weld chains to the ankles of the Cheyenne and Apache POWs. It wasn't fashionable or profitable to express support for imprisoned Native freedom fighters. In his time in the San Carlos hole, Geronimo was condemned by Congressmen and the media as he awaited the gallows. Forrest Carter writes that Geronimo sat in his cell "calm as a butter biscuit." To him all that mattered was his spirit-body which he perfected within his physical body by fighting relentlessly against the tyrannical human powers ruling this shadow-world. He practised himself into a rigorous keeper of the high laws like courage, faith and honor, fighting the low laws, the lowest of which is power-lust. That power-lust pitted army against politicians against agent against businessmen against press over the Geronimo issue until they became so entangled that the trap sprang open and Geronimo was finally released.

In those days probably the only Indians to wage a protracted, multi-tactical diplomatic campaign to free the individual prisoners were the Kiowa. Rejecting the "progressive chief" Kicking Bird and choosing the traditionalist Lone Wolf, the Kiowa in 1872 waged a resolute campaign to free the resistance chiefs Satanta and Big Tree from prison. Lone Wolf forced the government to let him meet the imprisoned chiefs. This meeting occurred in special rooms of the Everett House in St. Louis (where last year rallies were held for Peltier) in September of 1872. Here the chiefs decided the strategy for the struggle to free the captives. The Kiowa people's sole demand now was: "Give us back Satanta and Big Tree." Even Kicking Bird joined the movement. Using various kinds of pressure, the Kiowa finally secured the release of their chiefs on October 6, 1873. Today a new Lone Wolf campaign is spreading around the planet to free the present generation of Native American POWs.

Kusal Gupta
27 Moore Avenue
Calcutta - 40 India



The Darkwing Story

Doris Raven Dark Wing Foster, has been in prison for 32 months — 22 of which she has spent on **death row** in the Jessup, Maryland Prison. She was convicted of the crime that her husband actually confessed to in both oral and written statements to the court. I read copies of these confessions that give all the details of the murder of Josephine Dietrich in January, 1981. In the confessions, Tommy Foster tells why and how he did in fact kill her, and gave the details of how he and Elizabeth Phillips accomplished the robbery and disposing of the body. The confessions were not allowed, due to the complications that would be involved in trials for two separate defendants. Instead, the prosecution gave Elizabeth Phillips immunity from prosecution and then refused to accept Tommy Foster's confessions. During the robbery and murder, Raven was not at the scene nor did she have any knowledge of it. She was in fact asleep during the entire thing. The court did in fact recognize that "the credibility of everyone involved was a major issue in the trial." To make things easier, they convicted Raven.

Judge Rita C. Davidson said in the appeals court, about the fact that the trial judge, Donaldson C. Cole, Jr. had not permitted testimony to be heard that would have been necessary for the jury to hear: "The excluded testimony was highly relevant to the central issue in the guilt phase of the trial." Thus, Maryland's Court of Appeals said that Raven was entitled to a new trial and threw out her earlier conviction and death sentence. That was on June 7, 1983.

The Attorney General tried to get the Appeals Court to reconsider the new trial that was granted, but they would not. So, now the Attorney General is again trying to cheat Raven out of her civil rights to a speedy trial. He is attempting to further delay a trial for another eight months. It means nothing that according to the laws of this nation, Raven is innocent until proven guilty — thus an innocent woman has spent all this time in prison — and on death row, and now if the Attorney-General has his way, she will remain in prison for more time.

It is an outrageous act. It goes against all the laws of this country, morally and civilly and I think that she must be permitted to have the new trial on January 23, 1984, (Doris Raven won her appeal on this date) as it has been set. The Attorney General says he needs more time to prepare the case, but anyone can see he has ample time to do this. Perhaps he needs more time to set Raven up again and prepare to convict her for a crime he knows she did not commit. I also have a letter from Amanda Bull, of the Public Defender's Office in Maryland, who is representing Raven and she says that "under no circumstances can Judge Cole be permitted to rule

in this case." And yet at this time, Judge Cole is still set to be the trial attending judge. It is outright mockery of justice to think he will give Raven a fair trial a second time, when he would not the first time. He is prejudiced. He has shown that he withheld testimony that may have cleared her. It is clear that the confessions of a murderer were not presented.

What is going on in this country when such injustices are not even attempted to be hidden from the Public?

Are they so sure that people just do not care enough to stand up and demand justice? According to the law, after 180 days, Raven must be set free if not given a trial. It is according to our Constitution. Her rights are being infringed upon at every turn.

For a copy of confession, and information on how you can help, write:

Woman to Woman
P.O. Box 6755,
Lake Charles, La.
70606 USA
SASE Please.

Raven was granted a new trial at a hearing on January 23rd.



I Am of the Uruba People



My name is Kuwasi Balagoon. The name is of Uruba origin. Uruba was the name of a nation or tribe in Western Africa in what was called the Slave Coast, and is now called Nigeria. Many, if not the bulk of slaves brought to the Western Hemisphere were Urubas and throughout slavery and U.S. colonialism, the religion, customs and even parts of the language were maintained in the United States and throughout the Caribbean, Central and South Americas. When the people of Nigeria threw the British out, they sent representatives to Oriente province in Cuba to relearn their culture and Uruba religion which was kept intact throughout slavery, Spanish and American colonialism. I was renamed by my peers in the Uruba temple and was married in an Uruba ceremony like thousands of people before and since.

The English translation of Kuwasi is "born on Sunday" and the translation of Balagoon is "warlord" and as it suits me to have a name that reflects what i am about and my origin; i accept that name. Donald Weems, the name that my prosecutor likes to use, is a European name. Donald is a Christian name — and I am not a Christian and Weems is a Scottish name and i am not Scottish. It's a name that some slaver decided to brand what he considered his property with, and it is the name the state likes to use to propagate a colonial relationship. The English translation of Donald is "cave dweller". I reject all that it means.

I am a prisoner of war and i reject the crap about me being a defendant, and i do not recognise the legitimacy of the court.

We say that the U.S. has no right to confine New Afrikan people to red-lined reservations. And that we have a right to live, to live on our own terms in a common land area, and to govern ourselves free of occupation forces such as the police, national guard or GIs who have invaded our colonies from time to time. We have a right to control our own economy, print our own money, trade with other nations and enter a workforce where we are not excluded by design and where our wages and the wages of all workers can not be manipulated by a ruling class that controls the wealth. We have a right to build our own educational institutions and systems where our children will not be indoctrinated by Aliens, to suffer the destructive designs of the U.S. government.

When i say New Afrikan people are colonized, i mean that our lives socially, economically and politically, with the exception of our wars of liberation, are controlled by other people — by Euro-Americans. Imperialist Euro-Americans tell us where to live and under what conditions. Euro-Americans — invaders, colonizers — decide what laws we should obey and what laws we will not.

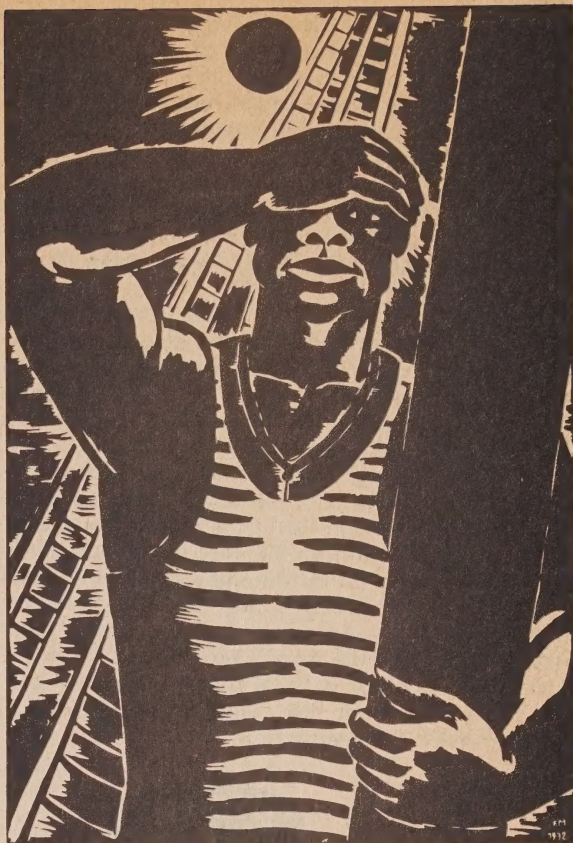
It's no mystery why such a proportion of GIs, hospital workers, farm workers are New Afrikans; or why we are ten per cent of the population and 70 per cent of the prison population. We have 50 per cent unemployment. Likewise, there is no mystery why the Black Liberation Army (BLA) was formed well over a decade ago and has, despite captures and many instances of torture and executions on the part of the U.S. government, managed to continue to struggle and fill a lot of cops full of holes and continue to enjoy our people's support in spite of raids and threats by the U.S. government and outright political and military blunders on our part. Despite claims that our backs have been broken, or that we were out of existence we of the BLA have continued to fight.

Repression breeds resistance. There is no mystery how the FALN continues in the U.S. and in Puerto Rico or how the IRA continues in Ireland or the African National Congress continues to oppose America's 51st state — South Africa. Or why, despite helicopters and bloodthirsty advisers the guerrillas in El Salvador continue to struggle and advance; or why the PLO, despite the massive invasion of Lebanon, Israeli and American-backed massacres and internal conflicts, struggles on. We all have legitimate support from peoples who have been victimized and have a right to self-determination. We are human, and nobody wants to live or bring offspring into a continued environment with an artificial sky.

This is what this case is all about. The state knows that of ninety so-called felonies i've been indicted on against the mythical peace and dignity of New York and New Jersey, all of them have been political or military in nature, or were dropped. The only times that i've been charged with offenses against working class people who were not agents of the state was during a shoot-out with police where i commandeered a car and was aiding an escape, when a man mistaken for a guard didn't follow instructions.

It's been clear since i was forced underground while in the Panther Party that i have been a partisan on behalf of the liberation of black people and in the ranks of black resistance. The secret service wasn't issued a memo to detain, question or at the very best monitor me in the event that i was in an area to which the President of the United States, any President of the United States, might be, because i might steal his watch; and the FBI hadn't put me in the National Index of Agitators to be arrested by them at any time on no charge of molesting women or children, or selling drugs or victimizing working people in any way. I am on the National Index of Agitators because i am a friend of liberty, an enemy of the state and a fighter in the ranks of the liberation army of New Afrikan people.

I am tired of going through towns and cities, divided into sections where the houses are bigger and more fit for habitation in one section than in



another; and the police protect one section and harass and terrorize the other — the one section enjoying better living conditions always white and the section most resembling hell, non-white. I am tired of living in a land where the highest rank a black man or woman can obtain is a token appointment and then hearing that crap that we are all Americans! I am tired of living the life of a colonial subject while the hypocritical oppressors and exploiters of my people make pompous declarations about **our** democracy!

The media role in this case is to help the state build fascism and is no more "neutral and detached" from the state than the Judge. The ruling that you remain anonymous is a political ruling. We really don't care how it affects you as individuals because in reality it communicates to everyone who knows of it, that the state and a supposedly "neutral" judge have reason to believe that we are of danger to people outside of the State oppressive apparatus, when it's clear that in no instance where a BLA member was on trial has a juror ever been harmed, threatened or tampered with in any way. We only engage the enemy in combat and we don't consider working class people outside of law enforcement to be enemies. The state's task is to make us appear to be everybody's enemy; however, truth and history make it clear who is the real enemy of the people.

Chattel slavery was an institution built on racism, that built the U.S.A., which for all practical purposes meant that the "owner" of a slave had com-

plete control over the slave and also that any white person could order about any black person. The slave patrols and militias were the predecessors of the red squad, fugitive squad, and joint terrorist task force of today. The economy, not only of the agrarian autocracy, but of the whole south, through marshalls, militias, breeders, auctioneers, slave drivers and patrols looking for fugitives, was based on slavery; and there was much slavery in the North also: Maryland, New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania, etc.

The Civil War that ended chattel slavery was carried out by the North not for that purpose, but to stop the separation of the U.S. and to ensure industrial domination over agriculture. "The Negro became in the first year contraband of war: that is, property belonging to the enemy and valuable to the invader. And in addition to that, became as the South quickly saw, the key to Southern resistance. Either these few million laborers remained quietly at work to raise food for the fighters or the fighters starved. Simultaneously, when the demand of the North for manpower produced riots, the only additional troops that the North could depend on were 200,000 Negroes, for without them as Lincoln said, the North could not have won the war." (W.E.B. Dubois, **Black Reconstruction**)

Certainly it can't be argued that New Afrikan people have received equal protection of the laws, and besides being another pompous official lie, the fourteenth amendment wrongfully and illegally precluded New Afrikans from exercising their options fully. New Afrikans were forced to accept the label of U.S. citizenship and they had not been asked whether or not they wanted such citizenship or such a label. In 1865, 400,000 Africans had not been born in the U.S. These people could not be deemed to have been made citizens by any interpretation of the fourteenth amendment.

"Five hundred and thirty-four Negroes have been lynched by mobs in Mississippi between 1882 and 1950, 491 in Georgia, 352 in Texas, 335 in Louisiana, 299 in Alabama, 256 in Florida, 226 in Arkansas and 204 in Tennessee. Virtually no one was punished for such a crime, because the courts and police collaborated with it." 3,436 known Negroes between 1882 and 1950 have been lynched, thousands of us have been murdered throughout the U.S. without it ever being recorded.

This is war against New Afrikan people for the purposes of colonization and genocide. I could delay these proceedings indefinitely reciting instances of "legal" murders such as countless



rape frame-ups and executions and instances where New Afrikans have been raped, murdered, assaulted, burnt out or otherwise victimized, without any attempt to bring the guilty persons to justice and for no other reason than national oppression. However, the objective of this imperialist war must be brought to light.

United States imperialism which drains resources and profits from all parts of the world under its domination, has as its original base of this exploitation and still largest source, the super-exploitation of New Afrikan labor and talents, and this is no less true with the shifting of the New Afrikan population.

In this period, called a recession and marked by inflated prices and rents and high unemployment, we are still in the same position in regards to being economic cannon fodder in these United States. The Center for the Study of Social Policy (as reported in the July 17, 1983 edition of the **New York Times**) reports that the average black college graduates' income is about the same as the average white high school graduates' income. Only 55 per cent of black men over the age of 16 are employed today. Unemployment of black men over the age of 21 is almost 50 per cent. In 1981 the median income for blacks was \$13,266, while the median income for whites was \$23,517. In other words, the black median income is only 56 per cent of the white. Fifty-four percent of black families are now at incomes below \$15,000 a year, compared with 15 per cent of white families.

The President's Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders lists as the first level of grievances police practices, unemployment and inadequate housing.

Police in New York City have been involved in 49 racially motivated murders since 1979, and police throughout the country have murdered 400 Third World people during each year.

There have been recent lynchings of New Afrikans in rural Mississippi and Mobile, Alabama; and since Wayne Williams has been in custody, there have been 25 more killings of young New Afrikans in Atlanta. In April, 1982 three retarded young Black Men were found hung and castrated in Atlanta. In Greensboro, N.C. killings of anti-klan demonstrators, FBI "informant" Ed Dawson rode in the lead car of the ten car klan and Nazi convoy, agent Bernard Butkovich participated in the planning. The armed military assault by klan and Nazis against the demonstrators was shown on national TV but acquittals were announced. What was this if it wasn't propaganda by the deed? What did this communicate to the murderers of Willie Turks in Brooklyn? What did the five year sentence of Bova communicate? What did the acquittal of Paul Morlando, after he admitted to taking part in the beating that led to Willie Turk's death by actually pulling this man who was trying to run from a fight out of his car tell people? Well, the answer that was duly reported in the next days' paper — a gang of white armed males attacked a Black teen-

ager in Queens with at least one knife and one baseball bat, but no arrests were made.

But that's only part of what is communicated. Not only are these announcing over and over that in the United States, black life is cheap and that any white racist with a weapon or a crowd of other racists that aren't hard to find, can attack and even kill Blacks with little or no consequence, but that the American legal system has no problems finding jurors able to overlook words, pictures and whatever they have to — except a racist tradition.

In 1968 the Republic of New Afrika petitioned the U.S. in pursuit of secession, the Nation of Islam under Elijah Muhammed has demanded land for a Black nation since the 1940s. In the 1930s Marcus Garvey and the United Negro Improvement Association organized five million people of African descent in an effort to return to Africa. The U.S. government charged this man who had bought a shipping line and land in Africa and mobilized five million people into industrious self-sufficiency and one purpose, one aim — with mail fraud, and deported him back into the hands of the British who kept him in jail until his death.

The Nation of Islam was dubbed by the press "Black Muslims" to the point where few people knew their real title. They were persecuted, and special repressive conditions and denial of their rights to religion occurred when their members were imprisoned, often on frame-up charges, and yet they are accused of teaching hate. At least part of this was because their program called for the building of a nation of and for Black People.

Twenty-one Black Panthers were indicted on thirty-six criminal conspiracy charges in 1969. Twelve of us who were captured were held in isolation in county jails, because we had established housing, medical and food programs and had in our political platform a call for a vote to be conducted by the U.N. to ascertain the number of Black People in the U.S. who wanted to live in a separate nation of Black people. After over two years, a jury acquitted all brought before them after ninety minutes of deliberation. But for two years, twenty-one people who were key organizers had to sit in jail or go underground. Some are still underground, as flight to avoid prosecution is a "criminal" charge".

Throughout slavery there were numerous rebellions and conspiracies to rebel and laws enacted against it, defining rebellion as criminal. Not only did Nat Turner, Cinque, Denmark Vesey and Gabriel Prosser lead revolts and conspiracies, but there were over two hundred and fifty slave revolts during these three hundred years of slavery, and countless cases of arson and poisonings. Just as there were slaves and jerks like Crispus Attucks who fought with the Americans against the British, there were ex-slaves who fought with the British and when the British gave up, these ex-slaves became Maroons and continued to fight. Evidence



of at least fifty communities of Maroons in various places and various times from 1672 to 1864 has been found. Today, from the backlands of New Jersey to Appalachia, southwestward into Texas, and even across the Mexican border, the descendents of many of these Maroons who chose to cast their lots with the Native Americans are still to be found, largely forgotten and often desperately poor.

New Afrikans fought alongside of the Seminoles against the Americans in a war that lasted from 1837 to 1843, which cost the Americans 1,500 white soldiers and 20 million dollars. In September, 1850 three hundred Florida Maroons took flight from their abode in present Oklahoma to Mexico. This was accomplished after driving off the Creek Indians sent to oppose their exodus. On October 30, 1831 fifteen hundred former American slaves were aiding the Comanche Indians of Mexico in their fighting.

In the conclusion of the President's Commission on Civil Disorders, Dr. Kenneth B. Clark commented, "I have read the report of the 1919 riot in Chicago, and it was as if I was reading the report of the investigation committee in the Harlem riot of '35, the report of the investigation committee in the Harlem riot of '43, the report of the McCone Commission on the Watts riot. I must in candor say to you members of this commission — it is a kind of Alice in Wonderland — with the same moving picture being reshown over and over again, the same analysis, the same recommendations and the same inaction.

Dr. Clark was mistaken in his calling rebellions, riots, but his observation of the same moving pic-

ture over and over rings partly true. We New Afrikans have a tradition of resistance to national oppression and it is our greatest tradition! The state knows very well that I am a prisoner of war.

Black people have attempted to be recognised as human beings in this country, despite its history of murder, through nonviolent means, sit-ins appealing to America's moral conscience and only got more oppression from this. They couldn't speak the right language: tell me the difference in the fate of Martin Luther King, El Hajj Malik Shabazz and Mark Essex

Expropriation is an act of war carried out by every revolutionary army in history. The have-nots must take from the haves to support their war. Washington, even though he had slaves and was funded by the French, crossed the Delaware to raid the British. Stalin was expropriating from banks at the age of 15. Carlos Marigheilla expropriated from the North-American Imperialist banks in Brazil, as the Tupamaros did likewise in Uruguay. During the Spanish resistance to facsim, the banks were necessarily targets of "nostros" and "des Pistolerros" and other guerrillas. Anyone not financed from an outside power must engage in acts of expropriation or collect "revolutionary compulsory tax" to carry on revolution. No member of the BLA has ever opened fire during an expropriation unless forced to by some fool.

My comrade, Sekou Odinga, has been rejected from this case and indicted on a federal case, charged with racketeering, justified by the same incidents that leave me charged with murder and robbery — so that the New Afrikan position can hopefully be put out of focus by the state having

one New Afrikan defending against the same charges as two white anti-imperialists. Since i am defending the revolution, the state's arrangements are of no consequence. It does not matter what the legal outcome will be. Our fates are not in the hands of the state but in the hands of the masses of New Afrikan people. In revolution one wins or dies. The case awaits a bigger jury.

The U.S. doesn't intend to make fundamental changes. It intends to bully New Afrikans forever and maintain this colonial relationship based on coercion or at worst a "final solution". This means that some New Afrikan soldiers like myself must make our stand clear and encourage New Afrikan People to prepare to defend themselves from genocide by the American Nazis — study our mistakes, build a political program based on land and independence, a counterintelligence program to ferret out traitors the likes of Tyrone Rison, Sam Brown and Peter Middleton, and be ready to fight and organize our people to resist on every level. My duty as a revolutionary in this matter is to tell

the truth, disrespect this court and make it clear that the greatest consequence would be failing to step forward.

I have thrown my lot with the revolution and only regret that due to personal shortcomings on my part, failure to accept collective responsibility and the bureaucratic and hierarchical tendencies within the BLA, i haven't been able to contribute as much as i should or build a better defense against my capture. I am confident that my comrades still at large will correct this thinking and practice through criticism and begin to strike consistent blows at the U.S. imperialists. I wish i could inspire more people, especially New Afrikan people, to take this road to liberation and adequately express my contempt for the U.S. ruling class and its government. Other than that I have nothing else to say

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Money Money Money



Money keeps the struggle going and Bulldozer is no exception. Bulldozer has no set subscription rate. It is free to any prisoner; free to anyone who requests it in fact. But it is necessary for those people or organizations with some money to send in donations to help us cover costs. Our expenses for each issue are now running about \$1,600. Postage accounts for nearly half of this amount and printing is another large chunk. We have received nearly \$900 since the last issue and give our thanks to all who have responded to our need. If you would like to receive a bundle of 6 or 7 Bulldozers for distribution, please just ask us. It costs only a little more to mail out such a bundle than it does to mail out a single copy. Donations can be collected for the magazines as they are distributed and part of the money sent to us.

Unfortunately, it is not only the costs of putting out the magazine that we must meet. We are still embroiled in a legal mess from the raid last June. Our share of the costs of a joint action to get seized material back from several raids including ours will be \$200. But this falls into insignificance in view of the estimated costs of defending Colleen Crosbie on her charge of procuring an abortion. And even before that charge comes to court, we must launch a court proceeding in order to determine whether or not we have the right to view the packet of information upon which the warrant is sworn by the judge.

These costs could be in the neighbourhood of thirty thousand dollars. We have already raised one-third of this cost. Any assistance towards these costs would be appreciated.

Intro cont'd.

continued from page 2

duced recently by Kaplan is an attempt to build a national consensus on the security issue. None of the mainstream critics questioned the need for a political police. They all accepted that the state had to defend itself from its enemies. The only objections were to the definition of "subversives", the question of political responsibility, that is whether the Solicitor-General could be held ultimately accountable for the actions of the CSIS and the role of the provincial justice systems.

The CSIS would be able to open mail, break into a house to do a search or plant a bug. They would be able to investigate anyone having suspicious connections with radicals. Their powers would far exceed those given to the FBI. The CSIS would add more policing to a country already far over policed. On a per capita basis, there are nineteen times as many wiretaps conducted in Canada as in the U.S. even though the crime rate here is substantially lower. There would be few checks on the power of the political police.

To understand that increased harassment is a fact and not merely futuristic, paranoid fantasy, demands a committed and a global analysis, a step not yet taken by the left here. Our involvement with the struggles of the Native people and prisoners has revealed to us the practical, as opposed to the theoretical oppression of the state. A few activists have been able to draw the logical conclusions from the whole sequence of events going back to the bombing of Litton and have developed their politics accordingly. But the left is ill prepared for tougher politics.

There are many scenarios for the peaceful transformation of society; organising enough support to pressure the government into changing its policies; the creation of an alternative society within the womb of the old; personal change within those who have political and economic power through constructive dialogue and pacific example; the seizure of economic power by a general strike as anticipated by the anarcho-syndicalists; the long march through the institutions favored by the social democrats. Yet history gives us no examples of a ruling class that has willingly handed over its power to those beneath them.

As the polarization between the ruling global forces and the resistance increases, the sense of distance between the murderous repression faced by revolutionaries in Chile, Central America and elsewhere may prove illusionary. Are we to believe that the brutal and vicious reaction of the state and corporations in the Third World is due to some pathology peculiar to the non-white peoples? Will reason and dialogue prevail in North America even though the U.S. has been responsible for the spread of the techniques and technologies of torture as a means of social control throughout the third world? Will moderate elements continue to blame the left for bringing down repression rather than looking at the condi-

tions that make militant forms of struggle seem like the only option that will have any impact, the only option that will not be gutted by the state's abilities to buy people off with a few concessions?

In North America, conditions unique to advanced corporate states demand a commitment from resistance movements to see through the veneer of democracy and the fog of affluence. A nuclear holocaust is only a computer error away. The corporations are already waging chemical-biological warfare against us. They poison the air we breathe, the water we drink, the food we eat. Even the purifying rain and snow now brings death along with life. More and more babies are born with defects. The poisons limit the intelligence and development of the children. Our parents and grandparents are dying horrible and lingering deaths at the hands and machines of the medical establishment. Our friends are dying before their time from causes yet to be determined. Our liberties and comfort come at a high cost.

For us to suggest that people rush out and pick up weapons and bombs to right these wrongs would be rhetorical at best and suicidal at worst. What does concern us is the support, or lack of it, for those people who have chosen now to act against the machinery of death. The lack of support and indifference to the plight of the Vancouver Five in Canada is paralleled by the same response to the recent trials stemming out of the October '81 attempted robbery of a Brink's truck in Nyack, NY. The state does not interpret such non response as being due to some principled opposition to the use of force as a political means. Rather, the state assumes that it is free to act against anyone they perceive to be isolated and/or effective.

It was not the 75 year terms handed out to the three people accused of actually participating in the ill-fated robbery that poses a threat to others. It is the 40 year sentences handed down to two people associated with their support work for conspiracy and racketeering that can be used against virtually any radical community. The RICO Grand Jury through which these outrageous sentences were procured have few legal checks. Originally set up to probe organised crime, the state has found them to be quite useful in attacking radical organizations which can be tarnished with a criminal brush.

What is appalling — and this holds true for the criticisms directed against the Vancouver Five as well — is that most of the denunciations of this action involved nothing more than slanders or name calling. The left, including the anarchists, preferred to parrot the state line that these people were gangsters or adventurists rather than at least minimally accepting the fact that the robbery was motivated by political principles and the need to fund the Black struggle. The BLA has clearly articulated who their enemy is by the precision of their targets. If the BLA can arrange to finance their activities through forced corporate donations, more power to them. We may not share their politics, but they certainly aren't our enemy.

Regardless of anarchist opposition to nationalism, the fact remains that Afrikans in North America have been (and still are) enslaved, colonized and brutalized. Their demand for land, independence and self-determination is not in itself unreasonable. The fact that Marxist-leninists and moslems claim to be the "leaders" of this struggle should not be our excuse to dismiss the desires and needs of millions of black people. It is arrogant and presumptuous for white radicals to dictate to non-whites the purposes and forms of their struggles and their lives.

The use of violence by political people in the Third World is supported by some who will condemn such activity in North America. They prefer to believe that the growing tide of repression and impoverishment can be stemmed by non-violent resistance. It is obvious that the majority of struggles in North America can be fought and won without the use of violence. Yet North American history shows that violence is started by the state, the economic interests and their agencies. From the first attack on the Indian people, on through the brutalization of slavery, the vicious repression of the early attempts to organize unions onto present prison policies, violence has been a constant fact in the political life of North American

society. Self-defence will necessitate the use of force; certain militant actions will act to inspire and encourage the day to day organizing that is the life blood of the revolution; many people will be accused of being terrorists in an attempt to discredit them in the eyes of potential allies. Political violence, revolutionary violence is too inevitable, too important to just respond on an abstract, moral, state indoctrinated level.

What is clear is that it is more important now than ever to concern ourselves with the destruction of political power rather than its seizure. As the old saying goes, "those who refuse to learn from history, will be buried by it." It is imperative to remain alert to the question of power and the use of power within the movement. It should be remembered that it is not only the anarchists who are destroyed by a revolutionary elite claiming for themselves the right — backed up by military power and the ever present political police — to determine the correct revolutionary course. Such an emerging political power destroys all those who continue to fight for what they believe — the right for everyone, regardless of sex, race, age, whatever human characteristic imaginable to determine their own lives.

Prisons Won't Just Go Away

Issue #6 of Bulldozer arrived in yesterday's mail. It was a good issue; well put together in spite of the repression brought against the collective by the Canadian state.

My only criticism is what i view as a tendency by the majority of your prison writers to aim their words at people on the streets, rather than towards each other. We on the inside, for the most part, know from first hand experience just how bad the prisons are for both prisoners and the interests of society as a whole. There are more subtle points, of course, but for the most part, prisoners and their loved ones and supporters realize that prisons are brutal and dehumanizing institutions.

What seems to be missing is any discussion among prisoners themselves, and between them and people on the outside, on the subject of what to do about the situation confronting us all. Yes, there is talk about revolution being the only solution, but the revolution isn't going to happen real soon. In the meantime it seems like we should be talking about organising for survival on some level. Even the work of trying to generate political support for specific individuals could be better accomplished in an organized manner.

The readership of **Bulldozer** consists of Canadian and American prisoners and their supporters. And it would seem as if these same people could constitute the core of something that might subsequently lead to a prisoner's organization of some

sort. Were this to take place there would be a better sense of direction and some responsibility for getting work done. As it stands everyone pretty much does there own thing, and we lack specifics and an overall perspective. This is not to say we should jump into some form of structure just for the sake of organization. The point being made is that we should start **talking** to each other about such matters. Perhaps this is not the time, or else anarchist prejudices would reject structure, but it should be discussed. Otherwise we are doomed to perpetual complaining about conditions everyone involved knows are intolerable. Where i come from they call this sniveling, a very small amount of which goes a long ways.

Keep up the good work.

Ed Mead

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